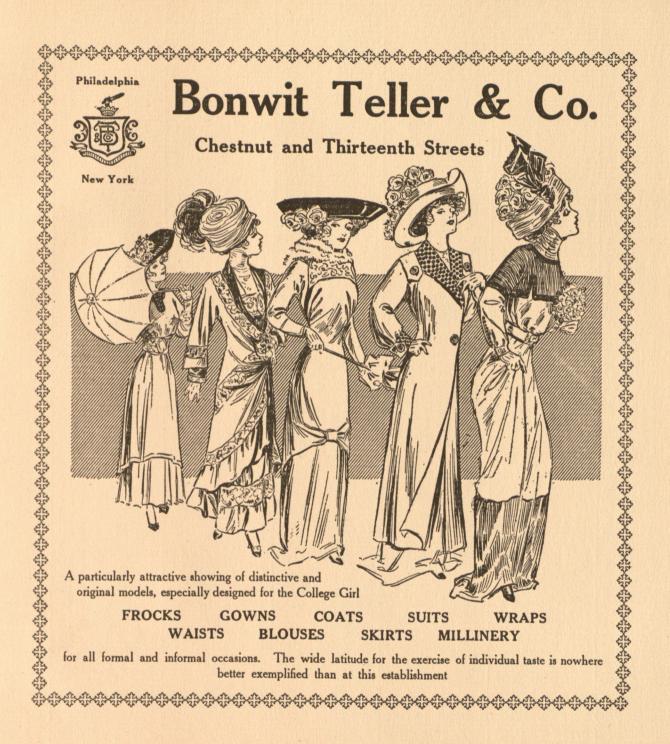


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The Book of the Class of 1910



Press of The John C. Winston Company Philadelphia

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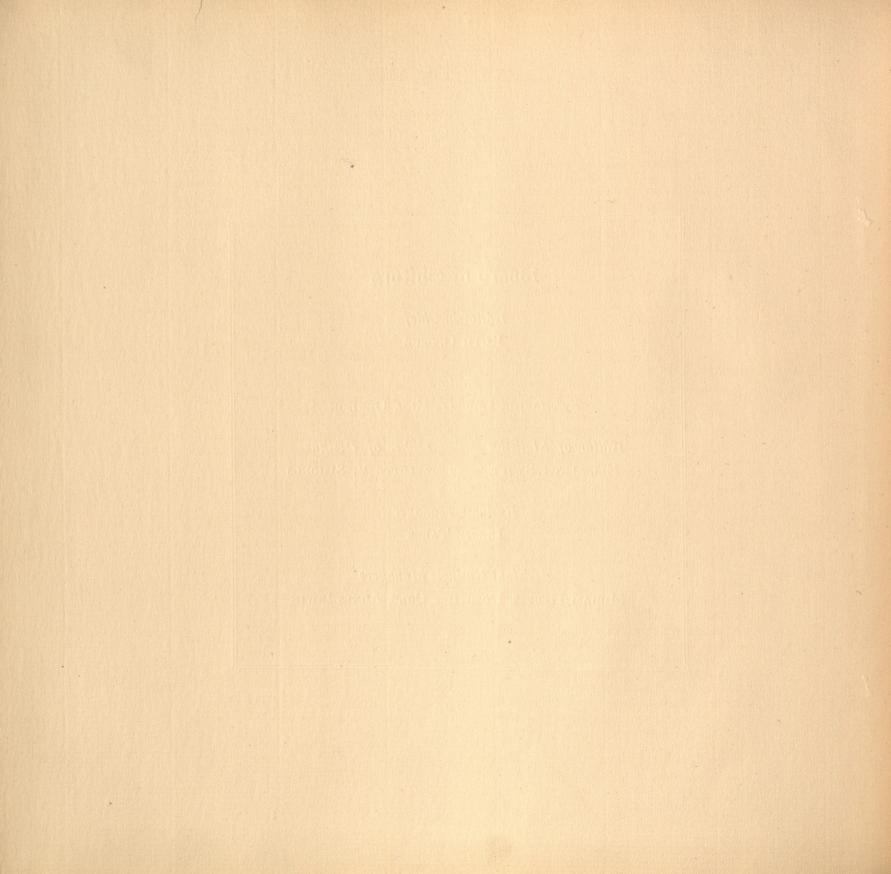
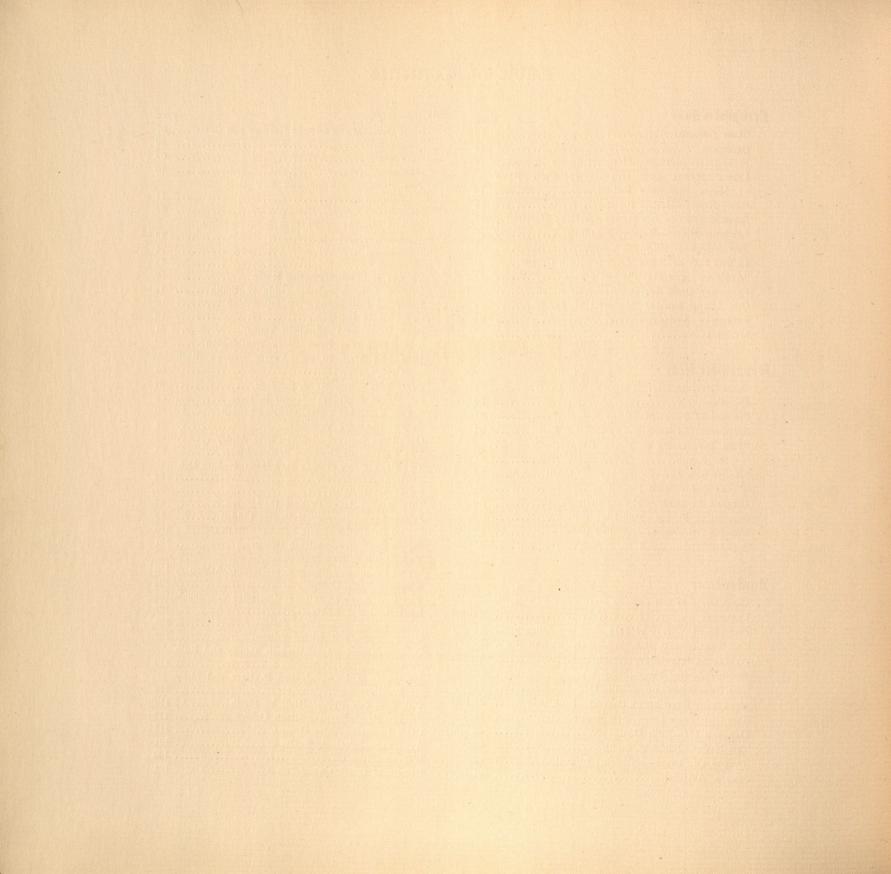


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Freshman Pear

Freshman Bear

Class Otticers

Temporary Chairman Temporary Secretary
Frances A. Jackson Mary Worthington

President
Frances A. Jackson

Vice-President and Treasurer
HILDEGARDE HARDENBERGH

Secretary
MARY WORTHINGTON

Calendar of Freshman Bear

OCTOBER 2Our First Class Meeting.
OCTOBER 3College Opened.
OCTOBER 4Class Rush.
OCTOBER 5
OCTOBER 11President's Reception.
OCTOBER 19Senior Reception.
NOVEMBER 2'Varsity Hockey with Belmont.
NOVEMBER 6 AND 8 Hockey Match Games with 1909.
NOVEMBER 8Lantern Night.
NOVEMBER 9 "Masks and Faces."
NOVEMBER 10
NOVEMBER 10 Sophomore Dance.
NOVEMBER 16Banner Presentation—"The Amazons."
NOVEMBER 24 'Varsity Hockey with Germantown.
DECEMBER 4 'Varsity Hockey with Belmont.
JANUARY 10 to 17 Swimming Meet.
January 23, February 2. Mid-Years.
JANUARY 26Memorial Service for Dr. Irons.
FEBRUARY 27, MARCH 7. Track Meet.
MARCH 15 Freshman Show—"Alice at Bryn Mawr."
MARCH 25Gymnasium Contest.
APRIL 8 Thomas Wentworth Higginson gave Founder's Lecture on Whittier.
APRIL 20Glee Club Concert.
May 1May Day Celebration.
MAY 3Class Dinner.
May 7, 10, 14Basket-ball Match Game with 1909.
May 11Junior-Senior Supper Play repeated—"La Princesse Lointaine."
MAY 22 TO JUNE 1 Finals.
JUNE 6Commencement.

1910's First Class Peeting

(With humblest apologies to Mr. G. K. Chesterton.)

BJECTION is often raised against a first class meeting, because it lays crude hands upon, and dives into the deeps of what should be sacred and secret about a class. Why have a first meeting? Why not leave tenderly unscratched that soil which will doubtless later yield both peaches and daisies in profusion? Everyone has felt the glaze of mystery over an unknown group of fellow creatures; surely it is a pity to draw the veil away too precipitately. Before a crowd has met to analyse itself, it is usually unconscious of being conscious; after the fatal step has been taken, it becomes conscious of being unconscious. That is to say, it feels its selfhood sink into interest in the others. It is a matter of irrelevancy whether a girl wears a bow on her hair, or a pigtail down her back; whether she has yellow, red, green, or pink eyes; whether her nose is a limb, or no nose at all, the fact of her having a personality is more startling than all the eyes and noses in the world.

When we came to Bryn Mawr, we felt we were embarking upon the momentous fact of our lives. There is usually in the universe nothing as fanciful as fact, nothing as unreal as reality. We decided, then, if it were a dream, to take our places in the dreaming of it, and hold this first class meeting. It was first-class; it was first-rate (rated first of all, in fact); it was, in short, excellent and incomparable, there being no others for it to be compared to, or excel. We held it in the Abernethy's barn. Poetic spot! Has it ever occurred to you for what geniuses barns have been responsible? That Burns probably lived in a barn, and if barns had then been the fashion, that ancient wolf would have inhabited one, and Romulus and Remus graced our list.

We felt, of course, that "We were the first that ever burst into that silent sea"; we wondered how there could ever have been class meetings before ours, and, in fact, whether the college had existed at all before we came to receive the torch of wisdom. It is the world-old question of whether the lion roars in the desert, if there is none to hear him, and whether the college exists, if we are not seeing it. Oh! try, dear classmates, to recall that time, and become "really full of the ancient ecstasies of youth." We have not utterly lost our inward warmth and geniality, under a thin coating of sinister pessimistic philosophy.

That evening, before dark, in early Autumn, we stole to our rendezvous as proudly as any Baron de Gaulois or Count Vertigo to a duel in ancient days. Each member of 1910

was accompanied by a Junior, "her Junior," she called her then, and a fragment of supper. I have seen the day when a person's eyes sparkled as if toasterettes had been diamonds, while a sardine sandwich moved them to tears. The spoiled portion of humanity may not realise among their poisonously prepared French cookery the suggestive pathos of a sprig of garlic or a chunk of scrapple.

The tremendous fact of the meeting, which was as dramatic as the daily rising sun, and as awful; as melodramatic as its crimson setting, and as much of an anti-climax—was that the Sophomores did not discover our hiding-place and break it up. We elected our chairman, and, most happy, ended our evening under the Pembroke Arch.

MARGARET M. JAMES.

Little Paude and her Mama Visit 115. D.

And See the Dutside of the President's Office

HE afternoon light was waning as Little Maude and her mama ascended Taylor stairs and found themselves outside the President's office.

"What is this galaxy of wilted-looking people, mama?" inquired Little Maude, as she struggled to find an empty space in which to plant her feet.

"This, my child, is the Freshman Class," responded her parent, mowing her way through part of it.

"And are they waiting for the Day of Judgment, mama?" said Maude.

"No, my dear one. They are on their way to interview President Thomas about their courses."

"O, mama, who is that rude man with his watch in his hand, who nearly knocked me down just now?"

"Hush, darling; that is an irate father. He has an engagement with the Pennsylvania R. R. in about three minutes, and he has been here since daybreak. See, they are letting him and his daughter in. That is the beauty, Maude, of having an irate parent. No Freshman should be without one. Fathers are just now at a premium, but in a few more years mothers will do just as well."

"Yes, mama," said Little Maude, sagely; "votes for women," and she readjusted her suffrage badge. "But, mama, what happens to all those who are not provided with parental protection?"

"They wait here every day until a certain date, dear, and then pay five dollars for not having their course-book signed."

"And who are those benevolent-looking girls with yellow-and-white badges, mama, who

stand around with such a look of wisdom?"

"They are walking delegates, Maude, from the Christian Union, who work on an eighthour schedule and show the Freshmen how to make out their course-books."

"And, O, mama, who is that tall Freshman over there, and what is she talking about so

eagerly?"

"She is telling her class-mates, Maude, what courses she intends to pursue in this first year of college. It is her ambition to become a medical missionary, and she is going to devote her time to French, German, and History of Art, registering as a "hearer" in Philosophy, Psychology, Geology, Archaeology, Greek myths, and Pragmatism. After her interview she will tell them that she has decided to take English, Biology and Physics."

"But, mama," cried Little Maude, "none of those are what she intended to take at first."

"Of course not, my dear; that is the beauty of having an interview!"

"But will the Freshman be happy in having her ideas changed about so?"

"She will not notice that they have been, my dear, until she goes home and thinks it over. Till then she will be radiant, and after that it will be too late."

Little Maude became exceedingly quiet.

"Mama," said she, at last, "when I come to college will I have to interview President Thomas?"

"Certainly, dear."

Whereupon Little Maude walked slowly down Taylor steps and gazed long and thoughtfully at the sunset.

MADELEINE EDISON.

Rush Might

THERE certainly had been a traitor! There was no other adequate solution, for we had never sung or even thought of that rush song except when we shouted it in Music Room G—and that room was sound-proof. It was unfortunate, too, in the light of Miss Thomas' repeated allusions to babies and kittens, to have "Wow, wow, wow," turned into "Meouw, meouw, meouw," because even we understood the implied ignominy. A hurry-up meeting in the afternoon saved the situation with "The Sophs are out this evening," and fortunately the song itself was conceived at such a late hour that a repetition of the morning's tragedy was not possible.

On the ascent to the lower athletic field, we formed into a compact line. One by one my friends were torn away, and I was gently but firmly shoved into the middle of the line by Marjorie Young and told to hang as if my life depended on it to two strangers—Rosalind Romeyn and Annie Jones.

Rush night tradition is to yell as loud as possible, and the rest is a blurred mass of shrieking, straining and shoving—sometimes in the light, sometimes in the dark, always unpleasant. My brain remembers dimly a girl behind, who repeated at regular intervals, "But we'll keep on yay'ling."

The arch singing ended the din and discord and was by far the best of rush night, although I was too breathless and exhausted to do more than be thankful that we could be still.

HELENE PELLETIER.

The Sophomore Play and Dance

HOW well we remember the first of those "priceless plays of our gay young days!"

Till then college had been a rather discouraging round of Freshman blunders and flunked quizzes, but that night it took on an entirely new aspect. The lights, the bustle, the gaiety prevalent everywhere carried us into quite another world—a world of dreams and ideals. And the play satisfied them all. We felt quite sure that, if we should meet a man like May Egan in everyday life, our fate would be sealed. And how we all envied Carlie Minor! As for Pleasaunce Baker and Mary Nearing, we had never seen such actrices in our lives. They were absolutely without flaw. We wept over the miserable little children who had had "a crust of bread yesterday"; we wept over the sad wife's appeal to Divine Providence, and over Triplet's cynical "The street is very narrow, and the opposite houses very high"; we wept again over Peg Woffington's unparalleled generosity and pitiful renunciation, and then we felt refreshed and quite ready to felicitate the reunited lovers in the most satisfactory denouement.

And then the dance, following so close upon that wonderful play, was almost too good to be true. We saw our favourites at close range, and who shall say that they lost lustre in their descent? That night, too, marked the beginning of many friendships with the other members of 1909. Masques and Faces was the first of many good times that we have had together. We hope that we have not seen the last of them, and that 1909 and 1910 will always be in the future, as they have been in the past, the best of friends.

DOROTHY NEARING.

Lantern Might

THE first few weeks of college life had gone by in a whirligig of noise and glare, varied externally by class meetings, hockey games, physical appointments, medical appointments, hazing, song rehearsals, lectures receptions, plays, English Reader interviews, upperclassmen teas, and writing home for money; internally by quick alternations of dizzy rapture and horrible depression; and unified throughout its diverse phases by a substratum of intense physical fatigue. Shades of the past, how tired we were in those early Freshman days! Even now I can rarely pass through Pembroke Arch, where we spent the tag-ends of so many strenuous, whirling days, without some shadow of the old weariness striking across my spirit. Small wonder that we looked forward to Lantern Night with apathy, and anticipated—so far as we had time to anticipate anything—a repetition of Rush Night, with the fancy costumes slightly varied.

It is in this spirit indeed that we make ready for the evening's events. Clad in our shiny, brand new gowns and the wonderful caps, which we have carefully pinned on hind part before, we dash over to Pembroke Arch to break into the Sophomore line. Whereupon we are flung out as unceremoniously and indignantly as if this were not an occasion of mutual love and peace, and, burning with mortification, we dash on again across the dark campus, locate our own forces, and hitch on to the tail end of the procession, which has

already begun its slow march toward the library.

And as the long line of Freshmen, subdued for the moment, files slowly through the narrow door into the cloister, something of the real dignity of these grave arches and stately towers, cutting the starlit sky, steals ever so softly into our consciousness. We have seen them before, but now in the "sympathetic solitude" of the silent assembled class, with the dark, soft night about us, and in our ears the plash of the fountain, which melts into, rather than breaks, the silence, we feel them for the first time. The noise and hurry of the feverish weeks just past seem, on a sudden, very far away.

So when we hear the first faint notes of the *Pallas Athene*, they do not seem to us new or strange, but rather our own thoughts, born of the place and the hour, singing themselves into music. Nearer and nearer the clear strains come, swelling in silvery cadences out of the darkness behind us, and beneath the dark stone arches at each side advance in slow procession two lines of black-robed figures, each bearing a lighted lantern, and swinging it to and fro in the rhythm of the song. The vaulted cloister overflows with soft blue radiance. The lines have turned now, have joined together on the opposite side of the

quadrangle, and are moving toward us; in some magic way they have unfurled themselves in a great semi-circle before us—a semi-circle of flashing blue light; the last $Akou\acute{e}$ has swelled from some depth of melody and melted into silver clearness, and our lanterns are in our hands. No longer strangers, newcomers, intruders, but acknowledged children of Bryn Mawr, and no longer an accidental and heterogeneous collection of units, but the Class of 1910, with our scholars' gowns upon our backs and our symbolical lanterns in our hands, we march forth to our inheritance.

Katharine Liddelle.

The Amazons

BECAUSE I begin with the thing I remember best about Banner Night, pray don't think me flippant. But it made such an impression on me, and raised me to that desirable position, the center of an admiring throng of envious class-mates, that my innocent pride, which cannot be suppressed even after three years, must be pardoned. Emily Fox wore my white duck trousers! You may smile at my childish pride, but if you think back to the commotion that caused in your own jealous beings, you may understand my eagerness to recall that thrilling event.

And so, with a really personal interest in the play, far exceeding that another member of the class might have, I set out. Thrills began the moment the doors were opened, for it isn't every day we can be led to our seats by imposing Amazons (I may say, the point of their costumes didn't penetrate until many weeks later). And then the play began—we marvelled at the whole thing, and were suffused with laughter, even when Emily Fox, trousers and all, fell off the stage. Again my pride soared, for were not my trousers to break her fall.

It seems like a long step from Pinero to the most serious of Freshmen events, the presenting of the banner which is to stand by you all through college; but when one has heard "white wings" for the first time, one forgets everything but its meaning—everything but the fact that your friends are giving you your own banner and making you part of the college. Our feelings cannot be expressed. May the song speak for us the impression we carried away that night.

"Freshmen and friends as ever Will be true to each other and true to the blue."

ELIZABETH TENNEY.

In the Day of Daily Themes

A T about ten minutes after twelve of our first Thursday we were vouchsafed a vision of the English Department, in all its fullness. Yellow-brown hair, parted in the center, and soft like a baby's on her forehead, then drawn away to the all-comprehensive net; black-rimmed eye-glasses, that imparted just a touch of "How do I look?" rather than "The better to see you with, my dear"; and a high, slightly mocking voice, which, along with her roving glance, suggested that her audience was located on the tips of the Senior row maples. Some of us don't know yet whether we liked her or not, but our hearts go out in pity for the classes that never "had her."

She took us in hand at once—some ninety-five back-woodsers. Happy for us that we didn't know what raw material we were. But a few helpful hints, just to break ground: We were never to call each other girls (because we undoubtedly were, and some of us were sensitive about it); we were never to call anyone "broad" (for nobody was); we were not to say "come" for "come in" (how timely! She didn't tell us not to say "come in" for "stay out," which would have been advice more opportune in those days of embarrassed upper-class inquisition); and we were never to say "suit case" for "dress suit case" (not tactful; homesick tears welled in all eyes). I thought she was going to tell us next about our hair ribbons. What with the Sophomores and this course in English Comp., I began to feel the desert of my neglected manners blossom like the rose. I was much moved. Indeed I was reduced to so tense a degree of receptiveness that, had Miss Hoyt seen fit to entrust to us a method of making last winter's suit look like new, a recipe for "cold cream for the beauty bag," or the secret of how one bright girl made a vinegar barrel into a parlour divan, I should have transferred her suggestion fervently without any surprise to the elegant new note-book on which I had foresightedly penned the supposed name of this unnameable course.

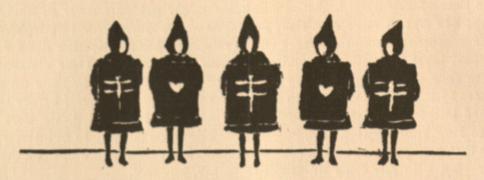
But not so. Miss Hoyt at this point forsakes the field of morals and general culture, and proceeds to set forth in no uncertain language the inaccessibility of the English Department. Dear, dear, did I ever need to be told that! Well, I think she succeeded in intimidating even the dauntless Class of 1910. To this day I have not been able to rid myself of the idea that the English Readers decidedly resent the forced intimacy of having to discern students afar off on the campus horizon. On no account, she urged, were we to feel free to address them concerning our work, or in any manner to remind them of the painful method by which they gained their daily bread, and anyone who chose cheerfully

to pass the time of day upon a chance encounter might get an answer in kind, but such wanton exposure was at one's own risk; furthermore, we were never to telephone. What on earth, I wondered, should I ever want to telephone her about; little did I foresee the exigencies that beset the path of Required English Composition. Dear class-mates, now that you are four years wiser, can you conceive of yourself in the impious act of asking Jennie please to tell Miss Fullerton to step to the telephone. I shrivel before the picture my wayward imagination has summoned. But Miss Hoyt reiterated, we were never to telephone to Low Buildings—unless, indeed, struck down on our way to an interview. Even then it was better etiquette to send a committee down in a carriage to wait upon the outraged interviewer—not with any hope of propitiating her, however.

Then Miss Hoyt passed out a key to the abbreviations that would be used in correcting our themes, but neglected to elucidate the situation by another key for deciphering their penmanship. For my part, I basked cheerfully for half a semester in the assurance of an H. C. before I learned that the sprawling SS all over the vacant half of my themes wasn't an 88. Miss Hoyt went on to tell us the one and only way to get papers deferred: Write a note to Miss Crandall on your best paper, recopy until without spot or wrinkle or any such thing, deliver in person, standing on one foot to show you aren't presumptuous; Miss Crandall with then tell you coldly that she has nothing to do with it, and will send you to Miss Maddison; you will seek out Miss Maddison, and, in front of one or two secretaries and stray members of the faculty, you will say how you haven't been very well, and that Miss Crandall sent you, etc.; and Miss Maddison will look at you as if she thought you had come to throw a bomb into the inner office, and will tell you icily that the office has no power—no. After which you return home and write the said theme. This, as I too distinctly remember, is the one and only official course for the deferring of English papers.

The rest of the morning and the next six general meetings, together with intervening division meetings, were taken up with the exposition of the proper manner of folding and endorsing an English theme. Very simple? Well, it takes a Bryn Mawr English Reader to make you feel that just about the most complicated and all-round tricky job you ever had to turn out was the time you wrote your own name across the top of a page of foolscap. I may say that, stimulated by Miss Hoyt's circumlocution, the Class of 1910 invented seventeen different ways, and all were wrong except Katharine Liddell's, to whom, for her perspicuity, Miss Hoyt promptly gave High Credit for the Course, which she certainly earned.

RUTH GEORGE.



"Alice at Bryn Mawr"

In reading my diary over, I see, under March 15, 1907, the day of our Freshman Show, the words: "Lots of people think it the cleverest thing given at college." That sounds truly like 1910, and might be said to be somewhat prejudiced, but even the Typ says it was "one of the best plays ever given in college." We think so, of course; and of all the marvelous feats that we have performed in college, I think we will all agree that "Alice at Bryn Mawr" gave us most fun and means most to us, even now.

From the day when Susanne assembled her show committee to decide between the glaring Denbeigh Melodrama and Mary Worthington's apt application of "Alice in Wonderland" to Bryn Mawr, we lived Freshman Show. In the true spirit of 1910, every member in the class tried for the part of "Alice"; and Jeanne and Betty still speak with tears in their eyes of the afternoon when their tiny corridor was overflowing with 1910, dressed in short white frocks, pink sashes and socks, and with hair down their backs. The choice was difficult, but Babby proved to be all that was most ingénue and delightful. The rest of the caste was not so difficult, and soon every idle moment was spent learning parts. Such was our industry that Peggy James, our idlest, was found to be restraining her propensity for social tubs, and using those few daily moments repeating her lines to the four porcelain walls. Copies of the play had to be made, and for days Susanne's floor was covered with sprawling figures, scratching off parts.

The costumes, of course, were most elaborate, and none but the ingenious heads of 1910 could have devised the ways and means necessary to manufacture them within the few hours allowed to each member of the class. Division of labour was carried to such a fine point that it was Boggsie's one and only task to make tails for the animals.

Helen Hurd and Janet Howell spent every free minute performing wonderful tricks with brush and paint, and, needless to say, the scenery was most realistic. We didn't realise it, however, at the time—we didn't realise anything except that it was work, work, work, and then we didn't see how things could be finished. Everyone chipped in earnestly and eagerly, and with a few rehearsals scattered here and there, in less than a week, the curtain was ready to go up. Four o'clock that afte noon of the performance, on realising that there was no way of making our glorious dragon-fly visible as it soared upward in the black realms of an unlighted stage, I had hurried to town for an unknown quantity named luminous paint. No wholesale dealer had heard of it, and finally some divine power directed my steps to a strange basement paint-shop, looking more like a Chinese junk-shop. There the valuable article was found, and with trembling steps I arrived at college, just in time to paint the precious animal before the curtain rose. What was my horror, as we broke forth in song in honour of our beauteous dragon-fly, to discover no sign of the insect. I could see Mary Boyd and Pinky Ashton pulling the ropes, but no insect. The paint, after all, wasn't working!

After that everything went wonderfully. Alice won the hearts of the audience; Kate's "Baked potatoes yesterday! Baked potatoes to-morrow! Always baked potatoes to-day!" and even Jeanne's and Peggy's jokes about Taylor's tardiness—stale at that stage to us—brought down the house. All went well till the black list animals entered and stumbled around the stage, quite unable to see through their masks, and endeavouring to do a little of everything, sang their plaintive song, keeping time with dumb-bell exercises. In their breathless exit they quite overlooked Humpty Dumpty, and overstepped him as well, knocking him flat.

The dances under Pat Murphy's management—rather a joke, don't you think, considering Pat's rapid promotion in the dancing classes?—were all that is delightful; and the take-off on the gym class most amusing. The babies and kittens were adorable, and Bill's Cheshire smile kept the gym in gales of laughter. The whole play went as on greased wheels—need it be said, with Elsa as a stage manager? and soon we were singing "Thou Gracious Inspiration!" the ninety of us crowding on the stage at once, overwhelmed with the glorious success, and Betty Swift, having lost part of her usher's costume in her excitement, standing in her "nightie arrayed."

That "Alice" was a great success, no one can deny, and 1910, of course, appreciated the fact even more than the highly-appreciative audience. Annie Jones, thrilled even by playing the accompaniments, rushed behind the stage and, clasping poor, little, dazed Cabby,

kissed her wildly on both cheeks. We all were mad with excitement, and rushing in wild hilarity to our halls, gave the performance over and over again, till the "wee, sma' hours" ended the glorious day of "Alice in Bryn Mawr."

IZETTE TABER.

Freshman Class Supper

UR Freshman Class Supper! I wonder if all the rest of the class think of it with the same large capitals that I do. It was our entrance into society, our first bit of riotous living, and I remember now with the keenest delight the excited thrills that ran up and down my back as we marched up the west stairs, singing vigorously, "Sophs are out this evening." The other classes lined around the walls were probably commenting on our prodigious vainglory—there's been some talk of it, I believe, even in later years but I remember thinking, sympathetically, then, "It's too bad, but you'll have to make the best of it. We can't all be 1910." I was so excited that when I got to my seat, I promptly sat in a glass of lemonade, a little episode which was repeated several times during the evening. Then a breathless hush fell upon the company, and Hildegarde gave me a poke, and I don't remember anything more till I sat in another glass of lemonade, and woke up—the cooling freshness of the lemonade had something to do with it, I believe—to see the Upperclassmen and Sophomores filing slowly out of the room. Then there fell another solemn hush—we weren't quite used to ourselves in company clothes, and didn't know just what to do-but some over-bold huzzy-to tell the truth, I think it was Kirk-began beating faintly on the table with her knife and fork, so we all took courage, and the clamour soon reached terrific heights. At intervals we paused to toast our own future, our own hockey, our own basket-ball, our own statistics, our own motto, our aspirations, and finally our breaks. Our own affairs were in evidence all right that night, just as they have been ever since. We finished up gloriously, singing "Auld Lang Syne," with one foot on the table, in the orthodox fashion. And, as our Irish Ros would say, "Sure, and there'll niver be anither sich."

KATE ROTAN.

Dur August Seniors

To tell, or not to tell; that is the question:
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and slammings of outrageous classmates,
Or to take arms against a sea of teasings,
And by resenting, end them. But this must end.
No more a copy of far worthier poet,
But story of my own I'd here inscribe;
The Hamlet speech it now leaves far behind,
But way of telling may remain the same.
As Bacon is to Shakespeare near allied,
So is this scribe to Shakespeare next of kin.
(Now, do not smile, my friends, nor pity him)
"On with the tale, let joy be unconfined."

"In our Freshman year,
When we first came here,
We saw 1907 dignified Seniors."
(Were there as many as that, you ask. My prompt reply,
unfortunately, no, only 80.)

These eighty fine and splendid forms of life
To us were stars serene that dwelt apart.
They knew us not by name, nor seemed to see;
But when one smiled, a Freshman trod on air.
The play they had to us seemed marvellous
(Seemed, madam? Was. We but think "seemed," since then);
So, in return we gave vent to sweet song,
And poured our grateful feelings on the air.
Our Juniors had not entered on our ken;
We thought we praised the highest thing in sight,
And pleased with what we'd done, were much distressed
To find due etiquette had been o'erlooked.

But this is not the worst: there follows more— Deep hid within the Freshman, young and green, A secret longing for the green to win At hockey, flaunt their flag on towers gray, And have the joy of being champions. On week-end nights the stairs in Pembroke East Were scenes of rapture deep and singing loud-The rapture surely ours—can you ask? And when we later found the stand to take, We then did love them "more and more and more." I seem to hear our Betty rise at this, And with Swift groan, cast an indignant look. For one thing I will say for those proud queens, They welcomed "rushing" with a stately grace, Thought it misplaced—but then, we were so young, They'd guide our steps in paths that they should go; The influence they had was quite unique— Might be compared to any Loreley— For Freshmen sat upright, rejecting sleep, Examinations facing by and by. And then a foolish joke got spread about, That furnished fun galore for trivial minds; The "Birds," they called any devoted pair That seemed to have a run on heart-to-hearts: But one thing I must say, right here and now: The birds in colour were not all dark blue. Perhaps we've wandered from the theme in hand To praise our Seniors and speak gratefully Of them for much forbearance on their part; And though we teased them, even in our play, We all admired—this I think was plain; And lest we say too much, we ought to cease By giving one long cheer for 1907.

Freshman Bear Athletics

Tennis

Class Championship won by 1907

College Championship Cup won by Gertrude Hill, '07

Captains

G. HUTCHINS, '07

Н. SCHMIDT, '08

M. Belleville, '09

R. ROMEYN, '10

Class Team

E. Tenney, C. Simonds, E. Swift

J. THOMPSON, Substitute

Class Team Doubles

E. SWIFT, C. SIMONDS

E. L. TENNEY, J. THOMPSON

Class Champion

E. SWIFT

Dockey

Championship won by 1907

Captains

E. WILLIAMS, '07

E. Brown, '09

L. SHARPLESS, '08

E. DENISON, '10

Team

J. THOMPSON

M. KIRK

M. ASHLEY

J. B. KERR

E. STORER

C. V. SIMONDS

E. Denison, Captain

K. ROTAN

S. C. ALLINSON

F. A. JACKSON

MARY WORTHINGTON

Scores

1910-1909-2-6

1910-1909-1-5

'Varsity

C. Woerishoffer, '07

G. Hutchins, '07

G. HILL, '07

L. Sharpless, '08

HELEN SCHMIDT, '08

E. Daw, '07

A. Hawkins, '07

J. Morris, '08

T. Helburn, '08

M. Plaisted, '08

E. WILLIAMS, 07, Captain

'Varsity Games

November 2, Bryn Mawr vs.

Belmont-1-0

November 10, Bryn Mawr vs.

Merion-1-2

November 24, Bryn Mawr vs.

Germantown, 13-2

November 27, Bryn Mawr vs. Moorestown—4-1

December 4, Bryn Mawr vs. Belmont—2-2

Swimming Meet

Captains

C. Woersihoffer, '07

C. GOODALE, '09

M. Young, '08

C. DEMING, '10

Meet won by 1907-25 points.

Second place tie with 1909— 17 points

Individual points, fourth place,

D. Ashton—6 points.

Relay Race won by 1910.

Water Polo

Captains

C. Woerishoffer, '07

G. GOODALE, '09

M. Young, '08

C. Deming, '10

Team

J. Howell

F. HEARNE

D. Ashton

M. SHIPLEY

E. DENISON

I. TABER

1910 vs. 1909-8-2

1907 vs. 1910-4-2

Championship won by 1907

Freshman Bear Athletics—Continued

Indoor Track Meet	Basket-Ball	'VARSITY TEAM
Class Championship Cup won by 1908	Championship won by 1908	G. HUTCHINS, '07, Captain M. PLAISTED, '08 H. CADBURY, '08
Individual Cup won by A. PLATT. '09	Captains G. Hutchins, '07 A. Platt, '09	L. SHARPLESS, '08 E. BROWN, '09 E. WILLIAMS, '07 J. MORRIS, '08 G. HILL, '07 E. SWEET, '07 Substitutes from 1910 M. KIRK G. KINGSBACHER ### Contest Won by 1909 Leaders Marching TacticsJ. Brown BarbellsD. Nearing Indian ClubsF. Stewart WandsA. Boggs Parallel BarsF. Jackson Events won by 1910
Captains	M. Plaisted, '08 G. Kingsbacher, '10	
C. Woerishoffer, '07 K. Ecob, '09	Team E. Romeyn	
T. GRIFFITH, '08 K. ROTAN, '10	E. SWIFT F. HEARNE	
Events won by 1910	M. SHIPLEY E. DENISON M. KIRK	
Hurdles—M. Kirk Standing High Jump—C. Mc-	J. Brown K. Rotan G. Kingsbacher, Captain	
Kenney Tug of War—1910	Score Score	
Third place in meet, 1910 with 19 points	1909 vs. 1910—8-6 1909 vs. 1910—1-4 1909 vs. 1910—11-5	Rope Climbing <i>Points</i> 1909—118 1910—92

In **Memoriam**

David Irons

January 23, 1907

Professor of Philosophy at Bryn Pawr College 1900-1907 Sophomore Pear

Class Officers

President—Katharine L. Rotan

Vice-President and Treasurer—Janet T. Howell.

Secretary—Ruth Babcock.

Offices Held by the Class

Self-Government—Advisory Board, Izette Taber

Undergraduate Association—Assistant Treasurer, Elsie Deems.

Athletic Association—Vice-President and Treasurer, Elsa Denison

Christian Union—Secretary, Hilda W. Smith

Glee Club—Assistant Business Manager, Rosalind Romeyn

Trophy Club—Susanne C. Allinson, Madeleine Edison

League—Treasurer, Elsie Deems

Students' Building Committee—Alice Whittemore, Frances Lord.

Consumers' League—Treasurer, Emily Storer

Lantern—Editor, Katharine Liddell

Assistant Business Manager—Izette Taber

Tipyn o' Bob—Editor, Ruth George

Scholarships

James E. Rhoads—MARION KIRK Maria Hopper—Josephine Brown

Calendar of Sophomore Year

OCTOBER 2	College Opened.
OCTOBER 3	
	Christian Union Reception.
NOVEMBER 1	"Love's Labour Lost." Sophomore Play.
NOVEMBER 8	
NOVEMBER 2, 8, 23	
NOVEMBER 12, 14, 15	Hockey Match Games with 1909.
NOVEMBER 19, 25	Hockey Match Games with 1908.
NOVEMBER 22	Mrs. Cobden-Sanderson Lectured on "Why I Went to Prison."
	Mr. Roger Fry, of the Metropolitan Museum, Lectured.
JANUARY 10, 17	
JANUARY 22-31	
FEBRUARY 14	
	Mass Meeting about New Gym.
	Law Club Debate, 1908-1909.
March 5, 12	
	Miss Jane Addams Lectured.
	Freshman Play, "Every Freshman."
March 27	Gymnasium Contest won by 1910.
APRIL 30	
May 1	May Day Celebration.
May 2	Glee Club Concert.
May 5, 8, 11	Basket-Ball Match Games with 1911.
May 9	"The Importance of Being Earnest." To 1908.
May 13, 16	Basket-Ball Match Games with 1908.
May 15	Class Supper.
May 16	Junior-Senior Supper Play repeated, "Romeo and Juliet."
May 20-30	Finals.
May 31	Baccalaureate Sermon. By Hugh Black.
June 2	Senior Bonfire.
June 3	'Varsity Basket-Ball vs. Alumnæ.
June 3	College Breakfast.
June 3	Garden Party.
	Commencement. Speaker, President Hadley, of Yale.

Sophomore Play

BOTH of us were young when we did it—meaning ourselves and Shakespeare—and both of us were somewhat hampered by tradition. In the case of Sophomore Play, tradition demands a mildly educational effort, not so hilarious that it fails to impress the Freshmen with that sense of refined and cultured gloom which is considered respectable after a year's learning, nor yet so painful as to harrow their youthful feelings, all emotional display being rigidly excluded from our stage until Junior-Senior Supper.

The first Sophomore Play committee, therefore, after going through most of the extant literature from the stone age backward (tradition also says that Sophomore Play must not be too modern, lest the Freshman class take it as a slur), fixed upon "Love's Labours Lost" as fitting all known requirements. It was a perfectly charming bit, and, being included in

the second year English course, unavoidable anyway.

This committee having disbanded with a sigh of relief, another one held a grand review of that portion of the class which wanted to play "Costard," followed by that which aspired to "Jaquenetta." These two divisions were flanked on the left by a platoon of "Birons," and on the right by enough "Moths" to wreck the Fall trade in woolen goods. The parade took five hours to pass the grand stand, after which the second committee dispersed for the summer to various sanitaria (?) (Sp.) and a third—that of the costumes—got in some deadly work, the most startling of their transactions being the purchase of hair by the inch for the hirsute adornment of the gentlemen in the production.

In the Fall came the rehearsals. Rows of patient class-mates sat nightly on the hard floor at the back of the gym, trying to see whether voices from the stage could interfere with their learning their Latin lessons. Nothing disturbed their peace, however, save the stage manager's frantic exhortation: "For Heaven's sake—giggle!!" and to that they soon became inured from the frequency of its repetition. 1910 is an earnest class. It takes its laughter seriously, and, temperamentally, it is fitted for extremes. From the sublime to the ridiculous and back again it can jump with amazing agility, but its ranks are almost totally lacking in what somebody in first year English calls "graceful triflers"; consequently, when it came to giggling over those intensely polite court jokes, we were all from Missouri. For instance, as you probably remember, the King of Navarre would not allow the Princess of France to enter his castle. This was manifestly impossible—since his castle was painted on the back drop—but, nevertheless, rude. The Princess, therefore, camps at his gates under a pavilion just large enough to contain a pitcher of lemonade for the refreshment of the royal family.

Moreover, any building commission would have pronounced it unsafe. Into this structure the Princess, three ladies-in-waiting, and the gentleman from Cook's, who conducted them, were supposed to retire in a graceful flutter of excitement at the approach of the King and his companions. The cue was, "Whip to our tents as roes run o'er the land," and at this juncture they were supposed to giggle—why, nobody knows. I am convinced that the roes never did it. There was imminent danger of falling off the back of the stage, and the fluttering in had to be done in a prescribed order so that the fluttering out again could be accomplished correctly. This was a matter which required not mirth, but conscientious care—and, as I say, we are an earnest class.

There were several other appealing situations—one, in particular, where the ladies defy recognition by exchanging jewelry—which, since it fooled the gentlemen completely, showed that they had an eye for the worldly possessions of their beloved fair ones rather than their personal charms. The "big scene" of the play is where each gentleman gets behind a different tree and talks to himself. This is exceedingly interesting. The scene in which we "come to our own," however, was that last harrowing episode where the black-draped messenger brings a special delivery announcement of the death of the King of France. This was rendered with intense emotion, showing what we might have done if we had only decided on "Hamlet." The court instantly dropped its carefully-accumulated expression of enjoyment, and looked like the day before Mid-year's. The Princess shrieked, "Dead!" with a rising inflection—this speech having been abridged from "Dead for my life," as it was considered bad taste for her to mention her own exuberant health in the same breath with poor papa's demise—and sank back, to be tenderly cared for until she recovered sufficiently to murmur: "On with the dance," or words to that effect, the King having materially assisted by patting her on the head during the intermission. For this kind office he is told, in a speech about a mile long, that he must wait a year for her-intelligence which so affected Gym Kate on the night of dress rehearsal that she turned off all the lights to hide her anguish. When they went on again, about fifteen minutes later, the Princess was still on the same speech. After her example, the ladies all follow suit with their respective swains—though, fortunately, they get through the ordeal with neatness and despatch—whereupon the suitors depart, murmuring: "'Tis better to have love's labours lost than never to have lost at all," proving that they were good sports. Apropos of the year's wait, we might mention that the Spring and Winter passed very pleasantly in song, but as to the Summer and Autumn, Gym Kate left us in the dark.

MADELEINE EDISON.











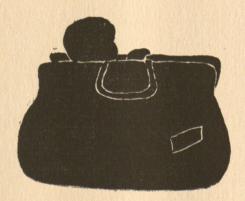
Sophomore Lantern Right

NE of the joys of Sophomore year was that we could at last sing "Pallas Athene" without being rudely hushed by shocked Upperclassmen. And Lantern Night of our Sophomore year was one of the few occasions in our college career when we were not forced to grind out from our own imagination a rhyme and sentiment suited to the moment, but could blissfully enjoy the products of other people's genius. But the alleviation of this one misery was quite outbalanced by the tortures of Pallas practice in the raw, cold, October mornings. Seniors and Juniors had impressed it upon us, in the kindly way Seniors and Juniors have, that no class had ever sung so badly as we, and that the college greatly feared for the success of Lantern Night. So we went to work with the vigour aroused by terror to learn the Greek hymn well, and so preserve the reputation of the college. But vigour alone is not sufficient, or even desirable, unfortunately, in the production of delicate harmony. In spite of the earnest pleadings of our musical members to "think up," "open our mouths wide," "pronounce each word distinctly and with feeling," we would get sadly bedraggled and time-worn, so to speak, towards the end of the third verse. How well I remember the sinking sensation when, after reaching the end of the first verse, Hildegarde would strike her tuning-fork, and then mournfully exclaim, "A note and a half flat on the first verse-where will you be in the end!"

The drear rehearsal for Lantern Night, so to speak, took place on Friday morning, and was the occasion of our "biggest hit." Fancy costumes consisted of raincoats and umbrellas, and the play was enacted on the upper campus, between Pembroke Arch and Denbigh. We were not permitted, however, to finish the comedy, or tragedy, if you will, for our faithful Juniors appeared to draw the curtain before a shocked audience, ever anxious to preserve college traditions.

That evening, inspired by Kate Rotan's exhortations not to flat (Kate was always most effective when urging us to sing well), we started from Pembroke Arch in lusty harmony. How we managed to reach Denbigh green and present our lanterns to the waiting Freshmen, without wandering away irrevocably wherever individual, tuneful desire should lead us, is a complete mystery and a most fortunate miracle. (I remember, on turning the curve about Taylor, hearing the front of the marching line at one part of the verse and the back of the line cheerfully singing something entirely different, while I myself and the rest of my associates in the middle were torn between conflicting emotions, wondering where we should ally ourselves. But I have never told this incident.) Finally we did reach the Freshmen and did present our lanterns, with the usual giggling attempts at good wishes. And afterwards the college crowded about us and declared, as the college always does, that Lantern Night was never so beautiful, and "Pallas Athene" never so well sung.

MARION S. KIRK.



The Importance of Being Earnest

In the Spring of 1908, wrested from 1908, and given to 1908, our famous comedy made its first and last sparkling success. With our usual flair for seizing the right thing and carrying off the laurels, we made up our minds as one woman (unusually quickly, since they are women's minds, and so many mighty ones at that) that we would give this play, and so we did. As. Mr. Chesterton would have said: "The Importance of Being Earnest' was not half as great as the earnestness of being important," and it was this very feeling of importance, I think, that made each actor rise to the clarion call of the stage manager, and render her part with an unequaled mixture of realism and subtlety.

The ten rehearsals of "The Importance," took place in the coal cellar under the library. Shades of Oscar Wilde! What an incubator for such a performance! What would that effete, dandified author, wearing a gardenia probably (which we ourselves sported later), have done if he could have seen us rehearsing his perfectly high-life play in a coal cellar? People would bring a property or two, such as a cigarette, a cucumber sandwich or a sunshade (no, I take back the first mentioned; they had no cigarettes to bring, oh Jane of Self-government), and by such simple means become transformed. There Lady Bracknell swept majestically into the apartment, in spite of the four by six feet of room, though she occasionally cannoned into some irreproachable manservant, who stood supposedly out of earshot awaiting orders. Never were such "dwellers" as those of the fair Gwendolen; they would have melted the heart of a giraffe in a tree—and I certainly was in a position to know. Never at a dress rehearsal did two fashionable fops quarrel and choke over such frightful and untoasted English muffins; and never did any Miss Prism bridle so bewitchingly, as some of the lines, which delicacy forbids my mentioning, never ceased to shock and alarm her.

What might by professionals have been considered cramped conditions were part of the game for us. If we dressed in trailing gowns or unwonted frockcoats and strangely-fitting trousers in the halls, and hurried to be rouged and powdered in the swimming-pool, we liked it so much the better. And, speaking on behalf of our artists, I am sure that I can safely say that they would have turned white with resentment if any foreign hands had papered with charming patterns the Manor-house morning room, or Algernon's Moncrieff's Half Moon Street flat. The very trellises and garden roses stood monuments to their cleverness. Amusing as some of the makeshift conveniences were, everyone enjoyed converting them into just the right thing, as Cinderella's fairy Godmother turned the pumpkin into the gilded coach. Which brings one to the reflection that whoever among that merry Earnest company becomes a future stage star, will never have a better time than she did acting that delightfully foolish play.

But I have said enough to show that we felt pleased with the performance. "It is a terrible thing for a man to find out suddenly that all his life he has been speaking nothing but the truth"; hence I had better stop, for I am in danger of giving full swing to my imagination, and praising our performance to the skies.

MARGARET M. JAMES.

Romeo and Juliet

I was not our play;—we had neither the glory of participants nor the enviable distinction of guests of honour; we were mere outsiders, gallery gods, rabble, Sophomores, squeezed ten deep into the narrow balcony of the old gym, and shedding tears and cracker crumbs on the heads of the more dignified spectators below. But as this book aims to record not merely the episodes, but also the emotional life of our class, a few words in tribute to 1909's Romeo and Juliet and to that memorable night of Sophomore spring when we saw it played, cannot be thought amiss. For it was a great experience (hence the tears!), an experience for which one was willing even to forego ice cream night at the halls (hence the cracker crumbs!)

In the old days one could not indulge in dinner and a play in the course of the same evening. To be sure, there was the tea house, but unless one possessed unusual executive ability, something was sure to go wrong whenever one attempted to dine before the performance. Ruth George and I tried it once Freshman year. We had bought gallery seats to economize (that was before the gallery had become a matter of course), but what with our dinner at the tea house (which we didn't have time to eat), and what with our tickets for the play (the first two acts of which we missed because we were at the tea house, and the last act of which we couldn't see because there were so many people in front of us), our evening's entertainment cost us something like two dollars apiece. Moral: Don't ever try to save either time or money. It can't be done at college.

But I must return to Romeo and Juliet. For one thing, it was such a glorious surprise to us. Miss Donnelly's Second Year English notes hadn't really given one an idea of what it was like, and even the catalogue of plays, familiar to every Sophomore play committee, in which, wedged in between The Ranchman and The Rough Diamond, we had read the following graphic description: "Romeo and Juliet: A tragedy in five acts, by William Shakespeare. For eighteen males and four females, with other minor characters. Time, three hours. Scenes in Verona, Italy. Costumes of the fifteenth century. Price, 15 cents," left much to be desired.

How could we foresee that we would meet in 1909's play the spirit of eternal youth and of perfect, unchanging beauty. Mercutio, Benvolio, Paris, Tybalt and the two incomparable lovers are all beautiful and all young, and we found in them not merely beauty, but the romance of beauty; not merely youth, but the energy, the passion, the promise of youth. For two hours we lived with them beneath the blue skies and molten silver moonlight of a transplanted Italy, and in those two hours we loved much and hated much and died several times, and went home at last, emotionally exhausted, with no heart left for basket-ball.

KATHARINE LIDDELL.

Water Polo

AN, it has been said, was originally a water animal. But this, we are convinced, is the most impossible of theories. Why, if our greatest grandfathers were jellyfish, do we, as children, feel an instinctive dread of the water, and scream lustily when forced, by kind but determined parents, to master the gentle art of swimming? And why, having become acquainted with this mode of locomotion, do we show so little joy and pride in our accomplishment? One would expect us to hasten joyfully to the swimming-pool at every opportunity, to display our agility before an admiring throng. But far from it! When the day for water polo practice comes, we carefully avoid the watchful eye of the captain and surreptiously change our path when we see her approaching in the distance. And if, by some unhappy chance, we are followed up and can no longer rely on "I forgot," or "Nobody reminded me" for an excuse, we search in vain for some remnant of a cold or headache and plead stiff muscles from excessive gymnasium work.

But be it said in our favour that we do, for the most part, overcome this reluctance enough to creep like snails unwilling to the pool—which is, I think, quite to our credits. And it is most especially to the credit of the captain, for not only does she overcome her own reluctance, but also it is she, and she alone, who inspires her back-sliding team, out of love for her, to follow her example. And once the agony of decision is over, and we have taken the dreaded shower-bath and plunge, then we actually enjoy the excitement of the game, and with the happy consciousness of duty done, come home to a peaceful sleep. Indeed, when there is no immediate danger of our being inveigled into the pool, we look upon water polo, our hearts swelling with pride, as the game of all games for us. For in it we won our first championship.

It is, I think, the championship we have enjoyed most. There was much more honour in hockey, but this was the honour that came first and came in the most delightful of all years for championships, Sophomore year. Freshman year one has hardly realised, in the heedlessness of youth, what a great and glorious thing it is—a championship. And in Junior, and still more in Senior year, it becomes a necessity and a point of pride to excel in something. But Sophomore year we appreciate to the full the joy of winning, without being tormented with the possibility of disgrace from defeat; and so, though in practice we may shun water polo, it will always be for us an increasingly delightful memory, belonging as it does to that class of things of which it can be said that "absence makes the heart grow fonder."

College Breakfast

N the first place, I must explain that Ros is at my elbow, so that if my remarks seem biased at all and not in accordance with general and prevalent conceptions of College Breakfast, know that they may be coloured by her proximity—in other words, my life is in danger. With this apology, let me state that our college breakfast was undeniably the best college breakfast that has ever been given, and that Rosalind Romeyn (she reminded me of this) made an excellent toastmistress—so witty and pretty. Here truth compels me to admit, however, that it came as a complete surprise to all but 1910 (of course, they elected her) that she had been chosen, and evidently "it was the blow that almost killed father" when the other classes learned who was toastmistress. Whether they didn't recognize her worth, or thought Kate Rotan better fitted, I am not in a position to say, but Dorothy Merle-Smith whispered loudly to her neighbour, as Ros swept in with the speaker's bouquet: "Why has Ros that huge bunch of pink roses." The slight drawback of having to wait over an hour in the broiling sun for belated table-cloths merely marred, but did not detract from the superiority of this occasion. Just as Ros had risen for the seventh time, a loud hush from the ushers heralded the approach of six old ladies, who hobbled in and took their places, representatives of the class of "naughty-naught." Meanwhile each one of our class reveled secretly in the thought that at least the committee had permitted her to sit by her ninth choice, and was correspondingly grateful.

After long and matronly advice from the oldest class, Ros enlivened the board with all "the old favourite jokes" of her repertoire, likewise common to every other toastmistress, and which even the six members of the class of "Naughty-Naught" had knocked slats out of their cradles laughing at, but being genial and agreeable old things, they laughed again.

"Tink" Meigs, aided by President Thomas' careful statistics, gave able suggestions on how to avoid the handicap of being a college girl and delude some innocent man into marrying you. She emphasized the necessity of this as a recognized collegiate duty, which each girl owes her college and her class, else how can the class maintain the 50 and 75 per cent average, which President Thomas declares time must inevitably bring; and, of course, we valued these hints, for we should hate to have 1910 fall short of the standard.

Rose Marsh, after her notorious and public embracing of the Butchers' Convention Ideals, received the hearty applause and appreciation accorded to an authority on the subject when she held forth on "College Blunders."

Carrying out the idea of the survival of the fittest, 1910 spoke last—and best. Out of consideration to our aged college mates and the poor unfortunates who were hanging over the balcony rail, we managed with difficulty to curtail Kate Rotan's exposition on the merits of the new gym. By far the most appreciated speech was from Madeleine Edison, "College Breakfasts I have Known," which is synonymous, as we all know, with "How will you have your eggs?" This toast, coming near the end, united us with a common bond and gave us an appropriate parting feeling of good fellowship.

HELENE PELLETIER.

Sophomore Supper

UR second class supper did not possess the impressive features that characterized our first formal gathering at the end of Freshman year. Even the prospect of drinking fourteen odd toasts in lemonade and standing with one foot on the table to celebrate the last one, did not produce the intense excitement which we suppressed with difficulty in other days. As Sophomores, our minds were filled with weightier matters, such as the daisy chain and the management of the Senior class on Commencement Day, so that we regarded a peaceful evening meal with our class-mates more as a relaxation than an affair of importance. The energy thus saved we spent in enjoying ourselves. The food was delicious, the toasts delightful, and the company entirely charming (the class will please distribute the flowers impartially). The decorations, by the way, were exceeded in beauty only by the decorators, and the dinner-cards (class bug rampant upon a field of azure) were visions, having ruined several pair of eyes in their making. The Toast-Mistress, moreover, left nothing to be desired in the wit and graciousness of her speeches. The company was entertained by various gifted members of the class in histrionic efforts (these were especially enjoyed by the waiters), and was moved to cheers by the announcement of a bona fide engagement in our midst-not one of "Kirkie's" gold bricks. Altogether, Sophomore Supper was a brilliant social success, and it is needless to say that all who participated agreed that an "enjoyable time was had."

MADELEINE EDISON.



Picking the Daisies

I was one of those cold, damp nights in June (nights in June never being cold and damp) that I laid me down to sleep, when suddenly I was rudely and roughly aroused by, "Three o'clock; time to get up!" I turned over, thinking it a nightmare, but a large, brawny arm seized me and thrust me on my feet in the middle of the room. Then I realized that Jane was calling me to pick daisies! I slipped on a jumper and skirt and staggered into the bathroom. There I found the rest of my class, more asleep than awake. Some were washing their faces with their toothbrushes, others were snoring peacefully in their cold tubs! We finally got together in the tea-pantry, where we were further awakened by a cup of black, luke-warm liquid, well seasoned with chunks of ground coffee, and a piece of burnt bread. After this hearty, refreshing breakfast, we started out into the cold, damp, inky night.

I found a few sleepy friends under the arch, and we started down the Gulf Road, thinking of all the things that *might* happen to a poor girl on a country road at 4 A. M. We all sang lustily (and out of tune), "Oh, I Wish I Had Someone to Love Me," in order to keep up our spirits.

All of a sudden I felt Bill's tight grip on my arm! We stopped! Something was approaching—a man? What should we do to defend ourselves? We were not the least bit scared, oh, no, not we college girls—but, be that as it may, the heart-beats sounded loudly! Just as we were about to let forth shrill, effeminate shrieks for help, out of the blackness loomed forth the forms of two human beings, whom we expected were about to pay for our through tickets to Hades! Breathless, we waited the death-defying, dauntless, daring, devilish desperadoes! As they came upon us, we slowly recognized, in the early morn, our dear little Apie and Ruthie, who had turned back to join us! Never disclosing to them our bravery (?), we all joined forces and continued on our strenuous quest after daisies.

We soon came to a large field filled with very tall grass and many daisies. Of course, there had been that night *probably* one of the heaviest falls of dew America has ever

known, so the minute we stepped into the field—not a chance! We were all soon at work, however, some cutting the daisies, others following and gathering them in their skirts. When our skirts were filled to overflowing, we would stumble half a mile across the field to the road, and there, utterly exhausted, dump our dripping load of nature's beauty on Ruth George's head; for she was not strong enough to carry the heavy loads back and forth, but it was her fate each time to extricate herself from the dew, dirt, insects, grass, weeds—and daisies, and to lift them into a wagon nearby. I might here digress to state that Ruth has lived, but she has never been the same!

After we had made the trip to the road and back about one thousand times, our appearances were indescribable. Had we grown to resemble a daisy? Oh, no! Our hair was dishevelled and filled with stray parts of the field, our faces were splattered with mud, our white jumpers were stained and dirty, our skirts were soaked up to our waists, and, as to our shoes and stockings—you could not tell where the field left off and they began! At every step the water squirted forth from the tops of our boots and kept our legs continually moist. "Not since the baby died" had I been so wet through and through!

Passing along my way, I heard these clever remarks from members of the one and only class of 1910: "Which do you prefer, centipedes or daisies?" "Isn't nature beautiful?" "You know, as a Juliette, I'm an onion." "Isn't the approach of dawn inspiring?" But louder and longer than all came the piercing shriek from each one, "For Heaven's sake, Ros, shut up!"

After stripping the field of all its natural beauty—and moisture, we dragged our heavy feet homeward. The roads, now well dried by the sun, rose and joined us, and we resembled greatly a moving column of dust. We reached our rooms at seven-thirty A. M., and spent the rest of the day removing the daisy field from our person.

Need I say that the daisies we picked were better than ever, that we picked more than ever before—in short, that we are 1910!

ROSALIND ROMEYN.

Sophomore Bear Athletics

Tennis

Class Championship won by 1908

College Championship won by
A. WHITNEY

Captains

H. SCHMIDT, '08 C. V. SIMONDS, '10 M. BELLEVILLE, '09

M. KILNER, '11

Class Team

C. V. SIMONDS, E. TENNEY, E. SWIFT

Class Team Doubles

E. ROMEYN and C. V. SIMONDS E. SWIFT and E. L. TENNEY

Class Champion, E. Swift

Hockey

Championship won by 1908

Captains

L. SHARPLESS, '08

M. Kirk, '10

M. NEARING, '09

H. EMERSON, '11

Class Team

H. HARDENBERGH

M. ASHLEY

T. HEARNE

J. THOMPSON

G. KINGSBACHER

E. DENISON

K. ROTAN

S. C. ALLINSON

E. WALKER

M. WORTHINGTON

M. KIRK, Captain

Scores

1910-1911-6-2

1910-1911-3-3

1910-1911-7-1

1908-1910-3-3

1908-1910—4-2

1908-1910-4-3

'Varsity

T. HELBURN, '08

М. Ківк, '10

J. Morris, '08

M. WASHBURN, '08

H. CADBURY, '08

M. NEARING, '07

M. COPELAND, '08

M. Young, '08

Н. Schmidt, '08

M. Plaisted, '08

L. Sharpless, '08, Captain

Substitutes from 1910

J. Thompson, '10; K. Rotan,

10; G. KINGSBACHER, 10;

M. Worthington, '10

'Varsity Games

Bryn Mawr vs. Moorestown—
9-1

Bryn Mawr vs. Belmont-9-4

Bryn Mawr vs. Merion-2-2

Bryn Mawr vs. Philadelphia—
2-1

Bryn Mawr vs. Lansdowne— Not played

Bryn Mawr vs. Germantown— Not played

Swimming Meet

Championship won by 1909

Captains

N. SEEDS, '08

I. TABER, '10

G. Biddle, '09

J. Allen, '11

Sophomore Pear Athletics—Continued

Events won by 1910 Captains Captains 140-foot swim on back - C. J. GRIFFITH, '08 M. Plaisted, '08 WARE, 48 seconds J. Howell, '10 G. KINGSBACHER, '10 70-foot swim on back - C. К. Есов, '09 A. PLATT, '09 WARE, 23 3-5 seconds J. ALLEN, '11 M. HOFFMAN, '11 Class Team Events won by 1910 Class Relay, 1910 J. HOWELL 15-yard dash-G. KINGSBACHER Class Points—27, second place E. ROMEYN Tug of War-1910 Individual Points-C. WARE, '10 F. HEARNE third place Class Points E. DENISON 1910-17 M. KIRK Water Polo Third place, tied with 1911 J. THOMPSON Tournament won by 1910 K. ROTAN Captains Gymnasium Contest C. SIMONDS N. SEEDS, '08 G. KINGSBACHER, Captain Won by 1910 I. TABER, '10 Scores Leaders G. BIDDLE, '09 1910 vs. 1911-7-6 Marching Tactics-M. Hedges J. ALLEN, '11 1910 vs. 1911-9-10 Wand and Dumb-bells-D. NEARING 1910 vs. 1911—11-5 Class Team 1908 vs. 1910—6-3 Poles and Balancing— E. DENISON 1908 vs. 1910-13-2 J. Brown C. DEMING Indian Clubs-F. STEWART 'VARSITY TEAM D. ASHTON Heavy Apparatus—J. Howell M. PLAISTED, '08, Captain F. HEARNE Horse-M. Kirk J. Morris, '08 J. HOWELL Parallel Bars-A. Boggs M. Belleville, '09 E. WALKER C. Wesson, '09 I. TABER, Captain Events won by 1910 M. Young, '08 Marching Tactics Scores H. CADBURY, '08 Long Pole 1910 vs. 1911-7-2 G. KINGSBACHER, '10 Wands and Dumb-bells 1910 vs. 1909-5-3 L. SHARPLESS, '08 Tied in the Horse M. WASHBURN, '08 1910-48 points Indoor Track Weet Substitutes from 1910 1911-45 points Class Championship Cup M. KIRK, J. HOWELL, won by 1909 E. DENISON, K. ROTAN

Individual Cup won by A. PLATT, '08

Basket-Ball

Score

Bryn Mawr vs. Alumnae—6-5

Championship won by 1908

Junior Pear

Junior Bear Class Officers

President—Katharine L. Rotan
Vice-President and Treasurer—Elizabeth Tappan
Secretary—Alice Whittemore

Offices Held by the Class

Christian Union—Treasurer, HILDA W. SMITH

Bryn Mawr League—Secretary, Elsie Deems

Self-Government Association—Executive Board, Hilda W. Smith, Elsie Deems Advisory Board, Charlotte V. Simonds, Millicent Pond

Secretary, Frances M. Stewart

Treasurer, MARGARET SHEARER

Undergraduate Association—Vice-President and Treasurer, Elsie Deems Secretary, Mabel Ashley (resigned), Frances Hearne Athletic Association—Secretary, Janet T. Howell

Outdoor Manager, ELSA DENISON

Lantern—Editor-in-Chief, Ruth George; Editors, Katharine Liddell, Grace Branham Business Manager, Izette Taber

Tipyn o' Bob-Managing Editors, RUTH GEORGE, GRACE BRANHAM.

Philosophy Club—Treasurer, MARY WORTHINGTON

Glee Club—Treasurer, ELIZABETH TENNEY

Trophy Club—Susanne C. Allinson, Esther Walker

English Club—Ruth George, Katharine Liddell, Grace Branham

Law Club—President, DOROTHY NEARING

Equal Suffrage League—President, MARY WORTHINGTONVice-President and Treasurer, JEANNE B. KIRR

Mandolin Club—Dorothy Nearing

Concern and League President President Concerns

Consumers' League—President, RUTH CABOT

Scholarships

James E. Rhoads—KATHARINE LIDDELL

Calendar of Junior Year

SEPTEMBER 29	.Freshman Class Meeting.
SEPTEMBER 30	College Opened.
Остовев 1	Rush Night.
OCTOBER 2	
	Laying Cornerstone of the New Gymnasium.
November 2	. Political Mass Meeting.
	Hockey Match Games with 1911.
	.Mrs. Snowden on Woman Suffrage.
	. Hockey Finals with 1909 won by 1910.
	Banner Presentation, "Miss Hobbes."
NOVEMBER 20	Mr. Whiting's First Musical Recital.
DECEMBER 4	Mrs. Berenson on Italian Art.
JANUARY 20-30	Mid-Years.
	Rev. Anna Shaw on "Women and the Ballot."
FEBRUARY 17	Mr. James Wood gave Founder's Lecture.
	. Opening of New Gymnasium.
March 6	Alumnæ gave "In a Balcony."
March 13, 26	
	Katherine Goodson Played for Endowment Fund.
APRIL 16, 23	Swimming Meet.
APRIL 17	"When Knighthood Was in Favour."
May 1	Glee Club Concert.
May 1	May Day Celebration.
May 3-5	Basket-Ball Match Games with 1912.
May 7	Junior-Senior Supper.
	Junior-Senior Supper Play repeated, "Medea."
May 10, 12	Basket-Ball Finals with 1909.
May 17	'Varsity Tennis with Merion.
May 18, 29	Finals.
May 29	Picnic to 1908.
May 30	First Outdoor Track Meet.
May 31	Baccalaureate Sermon. By Dean Hodges.
JUNE 2	'Varsity Basket-Ball vs. Alumnæ.
JUNE 3	Commencement. Speaker, President Jordan.

Banner Play-1910 to 1912

UR Banner Play—at the very words, we, 1910, begin to puff with pride, our usual reflex where any achievement of ours as a class is mentioned. A blank, a lapse of memory follows. What was our Banner Play anyhow?—Oh, yes, Miss Hobbes. Then there comes a memory of the chapel in such chaos as never was seen before, and pray Heaven, may never be seen again; of a seasick cabin scene, with portholes and companion-way entangled with the stove pipe, and Millicent vainly searching for kindling wood; of a dilapidated and hastily re-papered drawing-room, with freshly-laundered white curtains; of a heavy settee, laden with raw chops and fog-horns; of frying-pans and sour milk; of Elsa, hideous and terrifying in a huge black beard; of Nelson peering over his glasses in bewildered sympathy; of hurrying secretaries bearing missives and checks from the president. Out of this chaos arises Miss Hobbes, cool and fresh in her yachting costume, or delightfully pert in her dainty cap and apron.

If a bad dress rehearsal is a proof that the play will turn out well, Miss Hobbes must have been the greatest success we ever achieved. I can only draw a curtain over the twenty-four hours of agony preceding the performance, and right here I would write a Pindaric ode to Mr. Skelley if my talents lay in that line. For when the scenery—made for the old gym—was too small to reach across the stage, when the curtains wouldn't run and the footlights hadn't come, again and again, with untiring devotion and patience, he saved the day. But, as an ode is beyond my powers, I can only verse our sentiments as they were expressed many times in those two days, or would have been, if that touching melody had been written

then:

"Has anybody here seen Skelley?

The tacks are gone and the hammer's lost,
And we can't get it up at any cost.

Has anybody here seen Skelley,
Skelley of the scenery room?"

When the last applause had died away and the curtain had fallen on *Miss Hobbes* for the last time, the odd classes tactfully withdrew, leaving the even classes in possession of the chapel. Again the curtain rose, and there burst upon 1912's wondering gaze the first vision of their panner, new and blue and spotless. With a strange little thrill, as we remembered that 1908 was in the back of the room, watching and listening, we sang *White Wings*.

For the first time we realised what it meant to be Juniors, and that only now had we completed our link in the chain, which 1908 began when they gave us our banner and sang:

"Two years ago we as Freshmen
Received from our Juniors our banner of blue;
Now we as Juniors are giving
The flag of the colour that they loved to you."

SUSANNE CARY ALLINSON.

The Presidential Election

WHO will ever forget the night of November the first, when the college cast a straw vote, and decided whom it wanted as President of the United States? Shall we ever see again a scene of such wild and enthusiastic disorder, or experience again quite the same tremendous emotions?

The whole procession formed under the arch at half-past seven, and took about half an hour to arrange itself. Such a shouting and laughing, and flickering of torches, and waving of banners, and blowing of horns, as I never hope to see or hear again. Thanks to the dignified and stately demeanor of the suffragist faction, we were enabled to observe the scene calmly and critically. At about eight o'clock the procession started. It wound down behind Radnor, and came back on itself to Taylor. At the head marched the Bryn Mawr Band-what should we do without them-blowing and beating for all they were worth; then the arm of the law, represented by a squad of policemen, headed by that magnificent and terrifying figure, Boggsie, all wearing round tin boxes, upside down, with straps under their chins, blue coats with gold paper pasted on for buttons, and blue hockey skirts-a most dignified and impressive cortege. Next came the Republicans, all with white bands over their shoulders, with "G. O. P." in black on them, headed by the elephant, the emblem of their party. Then came the Democrats, with many transparencies; and behind them a small Anti-Suffrage party, wearing caps and aprons as signs of domesticity; while behind them and just in front of the Suffragists, the Anarchists. Their faces were all blackened, and they wore white tunics with black handmarks printed all over them. They blew violently on trumpets, and uttered a continuous vell:

Behind them walked the suffrage party in their best evening dresses, showing great dignity, only venturing now and then to raise their voices with the rest of the mob, in that telling song, to the most appropriate tune of "Everybody Works But Father":

"Everybody votes but women,
Yet they have lots of sense;
Just give us the ballot,
The gain will be immense.
When we get the franchise,
Good citizens we will be;
If you don't believe it,
Just try and see—
Oh, Votes For Women!"

We had need to summon all our dignity, for we were wedged in a most suggestive manner between the Anarchists in front and the Socialists behind. These last all carried red flags, and wore red. The flags had been provided by a certain young Socialist, whose name is not unknown to most of us, who had taken the procession very seriously, and had sent the organizers of the Socialist party many red flags and much advice in burning letters which he signed "yours for the cause," or "yours in brotherhood."

Behind the Socialists marched the Prohibitionists, headed by Pat Murphy as Mrs. Carrie Nation. The whole party wore mackintoshes and carried umbrellas with "keep dry" painted on them. Among the Prohibitionists were found, strangely enough, the most ardent spirits in the college—Georgina, Mary Rand, Marjorie Young and others of less note. In front of this party went a large water-wagon, sprinkling the road; this had been borrowed from the Bryn Mawr Township, and was driven by Johnnie, up to whose side there presently clambered the tall, dark form of a certain philosopher, known to the college, who wished, I suppose, to show on this public occasion that he at least had "joined the water-wagon." Behind this pranced the camel, "the original water wagon," from whose haunches protruded the thin, wiry legs of Platty.

Next to this energetic party came the Independents, in yellow and white, carrying empty dinner pails, which they rattled as they shouted for "Yellow journalism—Hisgen-Hearst." This ended the singing, shouting, laughing procession. Nearly everyone carried torches or transparencies, which cast a flickering light and hot candle grease on the crowded

heads and upturned faces. The whole air was loud with our noise, and the echoes of our songs came back to us from the sleeping hills. Only overhead the quiet stars looked down.

After making the tour of the campus, we marched two by two into Taylor, and crowded into the chapel. All the doors except one had been locked, and everyone's face was examined as he or she went in, for fear of reporters. In the chapel, which we had best call the assembly hall for the moment, there ensued a scene of the most tremendous disorder and magnificent enthusiasm. The Suffragists got good places on the left, by the platform, where we faced the room and took in the wild sight in front of us. In the front, where the Seniors usually sit, were the Republicans, led by Pleasaunce Baker and Scrap Ecob, each brandishing a megaphone. They were the biggest party in the room, and sang their song to the stamping of feet and wagging of heads:

It's now been twelve good years or more
Since the Grand Old Party has been on the floor.
They're onto the job; they're on the spot;
Do we want to get rid of them? Well, I guess not!
Hurrah, boys! We'll vote for Taft!
Hurrah, boys! We'll vote for Taft!
Hurrah, boys! We'll vote for Taft!
For T-A-F-T, Taft!

The Democrats came in a good second, and the Anarchists groaned and trumpeted, and threw bombs and shot off cracker pistols; while behind them the Prohibitionists kept up their yell of "Keep dry!" and cheered Mrs. Carrie Nation as she jumped up on a chair and began to make a speech. She was forcibly removed by the policemen. Opposite us, on the piano, sat the Independents, adding their share to the noise.

Rose Marsh presided, and for reasons at which we can guess, we saw in the paper the next morning that "Miss Helen Taft conducted a large political meeting at Bryn Mawr College last night." Kate Rotan opened the haranguing with a speech for Taft; Barbara Spofford spoke for Bryan; Elizabeth Tappan, with an excellent imitation of Mr. Leeds, spoke for the Socialists; Jeanne Kerr for the Independents, and Leila Houghteling for the Prohibitionists. The speeches were interrupted the whole time by the disorder that prevailed, and several arrests had to be made, the policemen sweeping down from the platform and doing their duty nobly. At the end of each speech the Suffragist party rose to its feet and asked each speaker in chorus: "Do you believe in giving women the franchise?" This

was answered by evasions in most cases, but we have learnt to expect that. Finally we all adjourned to the polls downstairs to vote. The policemen had orders not to allow the members of the Anti-Suffragist party to vote. This displeased them immensely, and one of their members, on being laughed at for wishing to vote, said: "Oh, but it's woman's chief charm to be inconsistent" —a rather unanswerable argument. When we had all voted, we returned to the "assembly hall" and waited for the returns.

The voting was as follows:

Republican vote	243	75 %
Democrat	38	12.3%
Socialist	29	9.4%
Prohibition	7	2.2%

This only serves to show that college, after all, is "a little world," not entirely separate and different from the larger world outside, and that Bryn Mawr endorses Mr. Taft as President of the United States.

MARY WHITALL WORTHINGTON.

A Minter Idle

But I can't hear a single sound.
(The proctoring's so loud you know
It makes the wind seem fairly low.)
The library is warm and bright,
Utith many a goodly maiden dight.
But lo! There comes a silent chill
Uthich sweeps the spacious hall at will;
Each maid puts on her coat in haste,
(I think she wears too thin a waist!)
And in a sudden fit of blues
She wildly hunts her overshoes.

- "The weather cannot do them harm."
- "It is the footsteps of the wind Which comes at nine. Chills neatly timed Will save them each an hour spent In the cloak-room on wraps intent."
- "But why do you sit calm and bright Cuithin your eye a gentle light?"
- "Stranger, I was not cold in time, But then you know I sat on mine."

Margaret Shearer

Hockey Junior Year

In 1910 the hockey season of Junior year was the most exciting period, athletically, that we have ever experienced. Pretty early in the season it became apparent, to us at least, that we should have a very good chance of winning the inter-class championship, for our practices went well, and six out of the 'varsity eleven were 1910. When the match games began, early in November, 1909 drew the Freshmen and we drew 1911. 1909 easily disposed of the Freshmen, but to our horror and utter astonishment, 1911 beat us the first game 3-2. The rest of the college, I think, must have smiled in its sleeve at the utter incredulity expressed on our disconsolate faces as we came back from that game. We had expected to win, and here we were, returning vanquished instead of victors. We had not realised what 'Jumping Johnnie' can do when she really gets started. However, if there is one thing that we have—I can say this without fear of contradiction as I am addressing my classmates—it is the power to rally after a defeat. So when we came down on November 9th to play the Sophomores, our blood was fairly up. Fortune had been kind to us in many respects, it is only fair to say, and, aided by luck, showed what we really could do, and beat them 9-1. In the third game we won again, 4-2.

On Thursday, November 12th, we played our first game against 1909 in the finals, and won 4-1 amid wild enthusiasm. And then a few days later came that memorable last game of the season, when we won again 4-2. We had played these two games against the Seniors without Kirky, and were therefore doubly elated at our victory, because we had been rather afraid that Kirky, in her small, swift person, contained the elements that made it possible for us to win. We missed her terribly on our forward line, but Frances Hearne and Apey played as they never have played before, and the whole team did its level best to make up for her loss.

I shall never forget that final game—which of us ever will? I am sure I was the only one on the team who could hear the side lines distinctly, and I could only hear them in the intervals between the nerve-racking attacks of the Senior forwards. I may say that I never have heard such a noise in all my life. We all, I think, share the superstitious belief in the secret power of that tuneful ditty, "Just One More," and from the way the other classes hate it, trying in vain to drown it out, they too believe in and fear its potency. As the ball crossed into the enemies' territory, the side lines, that is to say, the Juniors, nobly aided by 1912, would burst out into that long-drawn wail:

"Just one more, only just one more—
Go in Juniors and beat them by just one more.
Just one more, only just one more—
We'll be happy forever with
Just One More!

this last yelled without the least vestige of tune. How well I could hear Betty's voice, loud above everyone else's. I believe that 1909 and 1911 were singing too, but the whole noise seemed to be concentrated in this heart-rending appeal. And the spell worked—how seldom it has failed we all know—and in triumph we hung our banner, at that time so startlingly purple and new, from the boardings of the new gym.

Though the class hockey games were the central feature of the hockey season from the Juniors' point of view, mention must be made of the 'varsity games. The forward line, with the exception of Jeannette Allen, for Apey played in nearly all the games, was 1910, while a half-back, one of the backs and the goal were from our team, too. Mary Nearing was the most spirited and inspiring captain, and altogether we had one of the best 'varsities the college has ever produced. No team could approach us, not even Merion, our old enemy, whom we beat 3-2, until it came to the All Philadelphia game. They beat us 5-0.

No account of hockey Junior year would be complete without an account of that famous contest between 1909 as the Perfect Ladies and 1910 as the Bryn Mawr Ladies. As the terms are obviously synonymous, the teams were very equal and the struggle was a close one. Every member of the two teams was in fancy dress, and everyone played out of her place. I had come prepared to play goal for the Bryn Mawr Ladies, in 2 plastrons, a fencing mask, 4 hot water bottles, 2 pairs of pads, large gloves and 9 pigtails, the only comfortable and safe costume for a goal. These I discarded (with the exception of the pigtails), and played left wing, endangering my life at every stroke and at every step. Our forwards, by persistently and lovingly hovering near the enemy's goal posts, wherever the ball might be, shot 12 goals in a most spirited fashion. Mary Ag received from me my armour, and sat in goal on a chair, comfortably and safely reading a book. Mary Nearing played the opposing side's left wing, in a long black train dress and a charming Miss Matty hat, tied with pink ribbons, under her chin. Charlotte was a most peevish baby, and Kate was her nurse in the intervals of shooting goals as center forward. Platty had her clothes on back side front, a false face at the back of her head, and her hair braided over her real face. When she walked she presented a startling and horrible appearance. In the end, after a perfectly wild and disorganised game, the Bryn Mawr Ladies were victorious over the Perfect Ladies, thus ending, in a most satisfactory fashion, the hockey season of our Junior year.

MARY WHITALL WORTHINGTON.

The New Gymnasium

Miss Applebee is always there, just the same as ever. Classes still go on in it, at times. We know this, even those of us who do not indulge daily in gymnastic exercises ourselves. Something tells us that there are classes going on when we see the familiar flying forms in varied costumes and colours making bee-lines due South (?) between the moments of 3.43½ and 3.45; 4.17½ and 4.20; 4.52½ and 4.55; and 5.27½ and 5.30. And, as in the past, the painfully interesting sounds of class songs, sung for the first time, float out from the gym windows between one-thirty and two. Unwilling performers are still dragged down to "do" track in the winter when evening is come and all outrages may begin. Still, too, the drama makes its regular claims upon this fascinating building. Medea has writhed out her agonies here, and "Tween'y" has doubled up with his dear ancestral cramps—the very cramps, in fact, that took him in the old gym. No, the new gym is not at all a new institution in college.

We think quite often of the old gym, still. Some of us have wondered now and then in sentimental moods, that now and then overtake even Seniors, whither the dear old gym is gone. It may, then, be interesting to some to know that it has gone to Radcliffe. At least, its picture has been seen in a certain German magazine article with this inscription under it, "Das Radcliffe Gymnasium." We are glad to know that it is really so nicely settled, and feel deeply obliged to that German magazine for setting our minds at rest.

There is, however, in spite of the apparent likeness of the new gym to the old, something different to 1910. For us, the old gym had always been here. We were conscious, many of us in a hazy, dreamy way, that it was standing around us when we took our preliminaries. I myself remember distinctly only the ropes that hung stupidly above me and refused to offer any helpful suggestions, even when my mind was becoming most hopelessly lost. Other details, no doubt, have dim places in the minds of others in 1910.

Later, as Freshmen, with a few atoms more of calmness, we were received there in due form by various collegiate bodies, and, still later, were given ample opportunity to notice and become acquainted with every detail of the old gym. My point is that it was as natural for us to accept the old red gym as to accept the campus itself for a part of Bryn Mawr that always had existed and, as far as we looked ahead, always should exist.

But, behold! Now it is gone, and we are among the forces that did away with it, and

we are of the forces that replaced it with a new gymnasium. How trivial and temporal a thing does a gymnasium now seem to 1910! We sent a few printed slips to our friends; we voted in a class meeting now and then to allow the proceeds of our next performance to go into the gymnasium fund; we gave a bit here and there ourselves; we in no way discouraged the students who wished to give more than we ourselves could give. That was all we did, and, lo, the new gym!

It is true that the time taken by the construction of this building was very long, but as compensation we had the pleasure of seeing each stone go into the building and of knowing that things were being done correctly. Another advantage derived from the delay was the opportunity it gave us for improving the general "run" of the students. We were all of us much the better for those twenty-minute dashes, taken instead of gym classes—six times from the Deanery to the Low Building's path in the cold, misty evenings of the late autumn and early winter. Even the delightful running-track of the gym, at last completed, has not quite the romantic charm of the campus roads—in a heavy mist on a cold evening.

Another pleasure that this new building has afforded us is the joy of laying a cornerstone. We are sorry for any class that has not at some point in its career laid a cornerstone. Perhaps it can be arranged in some way to change about the corner-stones in the standing buildings every few years, in order that each class may have at least one chance to help lay one. At this ceremony Miss Applebee, under the assumed name of Miss Appletree,* read the President's address. Other addresses followed. We had the pleasure of seeing some members of the faculty sitting about and listening to other people talk; we had our pictures taken, and sang an appropriate song that we did not know. (But Mary Rand knew it, so it was all right.) And then we had refreshments. This last point is one that especially makes us wish that every class might help to lay a corner-stone.

Of course 1909 had to hang its banner on the new gym first of all. We understood that perfectly. But we did our best to help 1909 really to earn that honour. We modestly waited to hang ours out for hockey this fall, and we honestly do believe that dark blue, or any colour that was originally dark blue, is the most becoming to the new gym.

There are, of course, many more things that might be said on the subject of the new gym, but I must not say them, lest I leave nothing for the speaker on the steps when we bid our farewells. But we do love the gym. That must be said here. It has not taken long to build itself into the happiness of our lives here in Bryn Mawr. Certainly every member of the class of 1910 joins in the often repeated, yet deeply sincere hope, "Long may she live and thrive!"

Hockey at Bryn Pawr College

(Notice from the "Philadelphia Ledger")

FIELD HOCKEY, which was introduced into Bryn Mawr this fall by Miss Helen Taft, is arousing great interest among the girls. "The girls play very well," says Miss Taft. "I think I shall have papa come and watch a game next spring after I get them into training." And Miss Taft bit her lips to keep back the tears with which she always mentions her father's name. Miss Taft usually plays centre forward; but she plays all other positions equally well, and is in great demand on all the class teams. But, of course, it is college etiquette to offer one's services first to the Seniors, then to the Juniors, and so on.

During the game, the girls sit on the bank and sing little songs which they make up on the spur of the moment. Sometimes two or three girls make up the same song and sing it together. The object of the game is to get the ball into the goal. There are a great many technicalities which are rather hard to master, but the college faculty and Miss Taft hope that Time, the great leveller, will obliterate the little distinctions between bulleys and corners, along with all other lamentable sectarian divisions. "The goal's the thing! Is it not, girls?" says Miss Taft, enthusiastically.

Besides making goals, another requisite of good hockey is sandwiches. In the middle of the game a whistle is blown, and the members of the teams stop and partake of a light lunch. All through the game, sandwiches are sold on the side lines. When the girls run out of sandwiches, they sing:

"Just one more."

The Juniors sing:

"For gracious sake, don't let those Seniors eat them!"

RUTH GEORGE.

The Children's hour

Tiben weary eyes gaze on the Tower, Comes a pause in the day's occupations Which is known as the Children's Hour.

I see in the great gray school-room The Murse with rattle and ball, And sitting around before her The pouth of Taplor Hall.

All weary of mental exertion Cired and full of care, They come for a moment of play-time, For Poetry's made simple there. They are taught of the singing of birds, They are Taught to be glad of the sunshine, To see Meaning in each little Mord.

There they learn to love the great Poets, Uho have philosophies, one and all, Pet care for hares and for lambkins, And a sad little ass's call.

"The world calls these things Trivial! Uhat do you call them, Class-a? I want you to See the Uherefores! In this the Poet's surpass-a."

Margaret Shearer



Dancing III

I TOLD Betty Tenney at luncheon that, as I belonged in Dancing II, I was sure I should not feel at home in Dancing III or IV. Betty said that it made no difference in the world; everyone was welcome; she herself had never danced a step in her life. She said nobody knew the steps, and to come on by all means. I had twenty gym periods to make up before Easter, so I allowed myself to be persuaded. While I hung about waiting for the class to begin, I confided to all the people I saw that I had never been to III and that I did not know the steps. They all said they didn't either; none of them knew one single step. In my simple innocence I believed Babbie and Dorothy Nearing. As I remember, both of them all but went on their oath that they had never been inside a dancing class. My spirits rose. If they knew so terribly little about it, probably I should be the best person on the floor. In my mind's eye I saw Miss Applebee summoning me to the front to do Topsy with Miss Gray for Babbie's and D. Nearing's edification and growth in grace.

When Miss Applebee shouted to us to take our places on the floor, I retired, from sheer force of habit, to the rear of the room, like the modest violet. Miss Applebee looked us over.

"George, do you belong in Dancing III?" (You understand I had not yet commenced to dance. Obviously, even my face looked out of place in Dancing III.)

"Well, I don't just belong, Miss Applebee."

"Then what are you doing?"

"I'm making up, Miss Applebee." (If it were not for the trouble to the type-setters, I should print these replies of mine in fine and ever-receding type.)

"Making up, are you?" (If it were not for using up the pages of the Class Book, I should print Miss Applebee's remarks like shop signs.)

"You're making up, are you, George?" (If it were not for my innate delicacy, I should tell what else Miss Applebee said and in what thunder tones she said it.) As I remember, the gallery was one sea of faces. At such times, death were a sweet release.

Miss Applebee said we would do the something-or-other from the beginning. Then, without a moment's warning, Miss Taylor struck into a perfect riot of sound, and, before I could so much as leap out of the way, the whole class was upon me with waving arms and twinkling legs. With the mere hope of saving my life, I sprang quickly upon the parallel bars at my right, from which vantage point, once safe, I began to look about for Betty and Babbie and D. Nearing. My mind's eye (still active) saw them trampled under foot in this mad whirl, for I remembered immediately that they, alas, could not dance! They were not lying on the floor, nor had they taken refuge on the parallel bars nor the vaulting-horse; they were not hanging to the ropes nor the horizontal ladder. Then, suddenly—will you believe me—I saw Betty Tenney airily treading the intricacies of the dance as if she had danced it from her cradle to that moment. Then I said in my haste, all men are liars; and I have never taken it back.

"George, where are you going?" demanded Miss Applebee, just as I was sneaking unobtrusively past the dumb-bell rack.

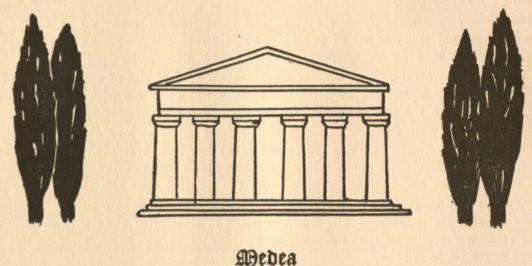
I wanted to say, in Byronic tones:

"To hang myself!"

But I only murmured, "Home, Miss Applebee."

"Well, you get back into line," roared Miss Applebee, smiling captivatingly. And I may add that, before the class was dismissed, I had acquired considerable dexterity in gamboling up and down behind the crowd without sustaining any serious or vital injuries from their untimely and totally incalculable advances and retreats.

RUTH GEORGE.



agenta

THE trials of our stage manager in getting this

"Greek tragedy acted thrillingly
By the class of 1910 oh"

might fill a thick volume. There was trouble in every direction. Even the youngest member of the cast, little Alfred, filled us with despair by remarking, after several periods of drilling, that he "wasn't going to be here for the play." Convinced by material arguments that he was to be present on the occasion, he continued to make rehearsals interesting by his mischief, and submitted gracefully to the inevitable.

Then, too, the green dye on the carpet showed a tendency to permeate the air and find its way to the noses and throats of the actors. As a result, some of them found that there was

No hope more of the actors speaking No hope more.

Jason and the Messenger, with some of the ladies of the chorus, took refuge in the infirmary, where by dint of steaming their throats most of the night, their stage whispers were able to penetrate to the first row of the audience. Even at the dress rehearsal, Jason was so fearful of becoming again inaudible that he (or she) went through the gestures and action of the part while his lines were read. Our audience of maids took this calmly, supposing that the dual personality of the hero was the proper thing in a Greek play. For-

tunately, at the first performance Jason was himself again. The Messenger and the Nurse still had occasion to resort to secret stores of cough drops hidden in crevices of the scenery.

Speaking of the scenery—there was trouble in that line too. After the dignified exits through the back door, a crash or a dull thud was likely to follow. In case the chair had been temporarily removed from behind the door, actors must e'en reach terra-firma as best they could, which was usually by falling off the edge or taking a wild leap into space. However, the effect of the scenery from the point of view of the audience was all that could be asked. The play was a long series of pictures against the background of the Greek house, with its white columns and portico. Medea, tense with suppressed hatred as she listened to Jason's lordly, solicitous speeches; the Pedagogue, watching the children's play; the Messenger, giving the terrible details of the death of the Princess, while Medea and the Grecian women listened, fascinated by the horror of the description; Medea sobbing on the steps, with the children's arms around her; Jason pounding at the doors as he hears the shrieks of the murdered children; the terrified women crouching by the house, and, finally, Medea, in a circle of light, standing in her dragon chariot on the housetop—all these pictures and many others would have told the story without a word being spoken. At intervals through it all came the Grecian women, in their softly-coloured, graceful robes, singing their ancient choruses to wild, beautiful music, as they paced with stately tread before the portico.

And the acting! Being 1910, we are rather proud of the histrionic success of some of our members that night. The rendering of their difficult parts by Jason, the Messenger, and, above all, "Me dear," made us proud to belong to the same class with these all.

Back roll the folds of the elegant red curtain.

My! the gym is changed, and the chairs of it filled up;

1909 is here, yea, in scores, that is certain,

With 1910, the Juniors, to sup.

And we-uns, yea, we-uns, are stage-struck and scary;

The music shall cease, and the memory that lingers

Of lines well rehearsed shall vanish from our minds.

For we learned them well and knew them, but our lips are dumb; our fingers

Can find not the cough-drop in the chink,

Else, else, oh 1909, we'd be able to speak louder

Our long tale of woes in preparing for this play.

But the whole class it knoweth—'tis the gossip at all tables—

How good we are; we know it and keep still.

Hilda W. Smith.

Taking the Steps

THE wide lawns, swung with their gay garden party lanterns, lay glimmering about us; the shadows fell softly from battlemented towers and overflowed from the hollows like dark rising water; and evening, the last evening of our Junior year, crept spirit-like over the campus. 1909—Seniors tonight, Alumnæ tomorrow—were singing for the last time on Taylor steps, and we, 1910—Juniors tonight, Seniors tomorrow—were ready to take from them this, their final gift, this loved privilege of Senior year, this strongest bond between us and the Senior Classes who have gone before us and those who are to follow after. So, squeezed together, chins on knees, we sat on the grass and the adjacent gravel walk, and waited for the great moment. The crowds of people who had invaded the campus for the Garden Party, and who now sat, hushed and listening, out there beneath the trees, gave to the occasion a deepened atmosphere of solemnity and importance, though for us, living in anticipation of the great moment, its solemnity needed no enhancement.

So thrilled were we, indeed, by the sense of the approaching denoument that we almost lost sight of the fact that 1909 was singing. Gradually, however, as they swung on through their familiar, charming cycle—basket ball songs, play songs, oral songs, songs to their Freshmen and to us—the consciousness came to us of how many times we had heard these songs of 1909 before, and how many times we could hear them again without ever tiring of them; of how many of our own memories and affections and experiences were bound up with them, and of how much of our own college life would fall back into the past with them. So, for a little while, we forgot the great moment and listened. And when they called upon us, we answered them hearty and strong (though perhaps a little off the key), as if we would put into these last songs all our love for 1909.

As the evening drew to its close, however, and the songs and cheers of the various "reuning" classes began to ring out here and there from the darkness, the remembrance of the great moment returned to us, and we began to get warm and nervous and fidgety and uncomfortable, as one is wont to get in the presense of great moment. We squirmed about on the grass and the gravel walk, and untangled our feet as well as possible from those of our neighbours, and tried to prepare ourselves to spring, with grace and dignity as well as quickness, to a standing posture when the great moment should have arrived. Oh, that our hampering bodies should always prevent our souls from meeting such moments with untroubled exaltation and calm!

1908 had finished singing. We planted our feet squarely on the ground before us, balanced our arms in the air, and prepared to rise. "1911 Class Song," called 1909. We sank back, rebuffed. Could it be that they had forgotten us on this of all occasions? Of course not! We were to sing last tonight. So we possessed our soul in patience while 1911 tunefully offered "all that they may be and all that they are" on the shrine of their Alma Mater, and 1909, for the last time as undergraduates, pledged love and loyalty to their college and their class.

"Now don't go too fast," Kate admonished us, in a hoarse whisper. "Pass it on, will you? For heaven's sake, don't act too anxious." "And don't forget your pitch," urged Betty Tenney. "Tum, tum tum. Do you get it?" "No," said Kirky, "it's ta, ta, ta." (We always take advantage of other people's singing to dispose of our private differences of opinion.) "Ready, now," came Kate's whisper again, breaking the sudden silence which had fallen. "They are starting down now. Get ready, 1910."

Yes, they were starting. Slowly and with bowed heads, 1909 was leaving the steps—the Senior steps—their steps, for how could they ever belong to another class? Was this the great moment for which we had waited? If so, where was our eagerness? "Slow,"

hissed Kate again. "Don't stampede."

But Dorothy Nearing, with characteristic single-mindedness, had already marched coolly and swiftly to the top of the steps, and turned in solitary state to survey the crowd below. Somebody giggled audibly, and the rest of us clambered after our pioneer. Only I, slow to wake up to the demands of the occasion, could get no higher up than the gravel walk, and since I had been sitting on the same gravel walk all evening, the proceedings struck me as something of an anti-climax. Those who got to the top, however, tell us that the whole world looked different from the height of the Senior steps, and that it was very wonderful and inspiring, as we sang our Class Song there, to think that 1910, the freshest of Freshmen, the wildest of Sophomores, and the gayest, most irresponsible of Juniors, had come at last to its majority. But the thought was sobering, too, bringing with it the inevitable sadness of change.

KATHARINE LIDDELL.

Junior Athletics

Tennig

Class Championship won by 1909

College Championship Cup Won by A. WHITNEY, '09

Captains

M. Belleville, '09

M. KILNER, '11

E. SWIFT, '10

E. FARIES, '12

Class Team

E. SWIFT, M. SHEARER, C. V. SIMONDS

Class Team in Doubles

E. SWIFT and M. SHEARER

E. TENNY and C. V. SIMONDS M. KIRK and D. NEARING

Class Champion-E. SWIFT

'Varsity Team

M. Belleville, '09, Captain

A. WHITNEY, '09

E. Swift, '10

E. Faries, '12

E. TENNEY, '10

A. PLATT, '09, Substitute

Matches

Bryn Mawr vs. Alumnae

Singles

A. WHITNEY VS. MRS. SINCLAIR Wood, '01-6-1, 6-4

E. FARIES US. MRS. LEEDS NEAR-ING, '08-6-0, 6-1

E. SWIFT US. E. HARRINGTON, '06-7-5, 2-6, 6-8

Doubles

M. BELLEVILLE and A. WHIT-NEY vs. M. Young, '08, and Mrs. Nearing, '08-6-4, 6-1

E. SWIFT and E. FARIES US. M. HOUGHTON, '06, and E. HARRINGTON, '06-

4-6, 7-5, 1-6

Bryn Mawr vs. Merion Cricket Club

D. C. GREEN vs. E. FAIRIES, 12 -6-1, 9-7

M. SAYRES Vs. E. SWIFT, '10-6-2, 6-4

MRS. GREEN US. M. BELLEVILLE, '09-6-2, 6-1

C. CHASE US. E. TENNEY, '10-6-1, 6-3

I. SAYRES US. A. PLATT, '09-6-1, 6-3

hockey

Championship won by 1910

Captains

M. NEARING, '09

L. Houghteling, '11

M. KIRK. '10

K. Costelloe, '12

Class Team

M. KIRK, Captain

J. HOWELL

F. HEARNE

M. ASHLEY

A. WHITTEMORE

K. ROTAN

E. DENISON

C. SIMONDS

E. WALKER

S. ALLINSON

M. WORTHINGTON

Scores

1910 vs. 1911-3-2

1910 vs. 1911-8-1

1910 vs. 1909-4-1 1910 vs. 1909-4-1

'VARSITY

M. NEARING, '09, Captain

T. Howell, '10

A. WHITNEY, '09

M. KIRK, '10

F. HEARNE, '10

J. ALLEN, '11

C. WESSON, '09

E. Denison, '10

A. PLATT, '09

K. ROTAN, '10

M. WORTHINGTON, '10

Substitutes from 1910.

M. ASHLEY, C. V. SIMONDS E. WALKER

'VARSITY SCORES

Bryn Mawr vs. Belmont-12-1

Bryn Mawr vs. Philadelphia-5-5

Bryn Mawr vs. Lansdowne-3-2 Bryn Mawr vs. Germantown-

5-1

Junior Athletics—Continued

Bryn Mawr vs. Merion—2-1
Bryn Mawr vs. All-Philadelphia
—1-5
Bryn Mawr vs. B. M. Alumnee

Bryn Mawr vs. B. M. Alumnae
—9-1

Swimming Contest

Championship won by 1909

Captains

G. BIDDLE. '09

D. Coffin, '11

I. TABER, '10

E. Faries, '12

Events won by 1910

Plunge for distance—K. Evans, 47 ft. 10 in.—College record. 140 ft. swim on front—I. Taber, 46 3-5 secs.

139 ft. swim on back—D. Ashton, 48 secs.

Class Relay-1910.

Class Points-33

Water Polo

Tournament won by 1910

Captains

G. BIDDLE, '09

D. Coffin, '11

I. TABER, '10

E. FARIES, '12

Class Team

D. ASHTON

F. HEARNE

I. TABER, Captain

C. SIMONDS

E. DENISON

J. Howell

S. ALLINSON

E. MURPHY

Scores

1910 vs. 1911-7-5

1910 vs. 1909-12-1

Indoor Track Meet

Class Championship Cup won by 1909

Individual Cup won by EMERSON, '11

Captains

К. Есов, '09

H. EMERSON, '11

K. KELLEY, '10

M. W. Brown, '12

Events won by 1910

Class Tug of War—1910

Class Points, 7-Fourth Place

Basket:Ball

Championship won by 1909

Captains

A. PLATT, '09

J. ALLEN, '11

F. HEARNE, '10

W. Scripture, '12

Class Team

J. HOWELL

M. IRVINE

A. WHITTEMORE

K. LIDDELL

E. DENISON

M. KIRK

C. V. SIMONDS

M. ASHLEY

K. ROTAN

F. HEARNE, Captain

Scores

1910 vs. 1912-17-2

1910 vs. 1912-17-8

1909 vs. 1910—13-6 1909 vs. 1910—7-6

'VARSITY TEAM

A. PLATT, '09, Captain

I. Goodnow, '09

H. EMERSON, '11 J. ALLEN, '11

C. WESSON, '09

E. DENISON, '10

F. HEARNE, '10

К. Rotan, '10

L. Houghteling, '11

Substitutes from 1910

A. WHITTEMORE, C. V. SIMONDS, M. KIRK, J. HOWELL,

M. Ashley

Score

Bryn Mawr vs. Alumnae-14-2



Class Officers

President—Katharine L. Rotan
Vice-President and Treasurer—Zip S. Falk
Secretary—Dorothy Nearing

Offices beld by the Class

Self-Government Association—President, HILDA W. SMITH Vice-President, Elsie Deems

Advisory Board, ELIZABETH TENNEY, DOROTHY NEARING, C. BESSIE COX Undergraduate Association—President, Mabel P. Ashley

Christian Union—President, Ruth Babcock

Bryn Mawr League—President, Elsie Deems

Vice-President, Margaret Shearer

Athletic Association—President, Elsa Denison Indoor Manager, Frances H. Hearne

Students' Building Committee—Alice Whittemore, Ruth Cabot

Equal Suffrage League—President, Mary Worthington

Philosophical Club—President, Mary Worthington

English Club—President, Ruth George; Katharine Liddell, Grace Branham Science Club—President, Janet Howell

Vice-President, HILDA W. SMITH

Glee Club—Leader, ELIZABETH TENNEY

Mandolin Club—Leader, Agnes M. Irwin

Choir Mistress—Elsa Denison

Trophy Club—President, Susanne C. Allinson, Janet T. Howell Head Fire Captain—Marion Kirk

Class Officers-Continued

Lantern—Editor-in-Chief, Katharine Liddell; Editors, Ruth George, Grace Branham
Business Manager—Izette Taber

Tipyn o' Bob—Editor-in-Chief, Grace Branham; Managing Editor, Ruth George 'Varsity Hockey—Captain, Katharine L. Rotan

'Varsity Basket Ball—Captain, Frances H. Hearne Law Club—Treasurer, Jeanne B. Kerr

Consumers' League—President, MIRIAM HEDGES

Scholarships

Maria Hopper—Katharine Liddell Brooke Hall Memorial—Helen Bley
European Fellowship—Helen M. Bley

First Ten—Helen M. Bley, 89.469; Elsa Denison, 87.004; Katharine L. Rotan, 86.708; Agnes M. Irwin, 85.633; Albione L. van Schaack, 84.476; Janet Howell, 84.429; Ethel B. Chase, 84.133; Henrietta Sharp, 83.742; Marion Kirk, 83.623; Violet Keiller, 82.666.**

George W. Childs Essay Prize—Grace B. Branham

Mary Helen Ritchie Memorial Prize-Mary D. W. Worthington

Graduate Scholarships

In Mathematics—MILLICENT POND

Permanent Class Officers

President—KATHARINE L. ROTAN

Secretary-Dorothy Nearing

**Helen Scott, '09, 85.302. Isabella Pyfer, '08, 83.687.

Calendar of Senior Bear

SEPTEMBER 29	. College Opened.
SEPTEMBER 30	Rush Night.
OCTOBER 1	Christian Union Reception.
OCTOBER 4	. First Senior Singing on Taylor Steps.
OCTOBER 15	. Senior Reception to 1913.
OCTOBER 23	. First Senior Oral in French.
OCTOBER 29	. Unveiling Memorial to Clara J. McKenney.
OCTOBER 30	
NOVEMBER 8 AND 12	. Hockey Match Games with 1912.
	. First President's Reception.
NOVEMBER 18, 22 AND 30	Hockey Finals with 1913 won by 1910.
	. Mr. Whiting's First Musical Recital.
	. First Class Tea in Pembroke West.
	. Performance of Boston "Medea" in Philadelphia.
	Graduate Dance to 1910.
	. Swimming Meet won by 1910.
JANUARY 19 AND 29	
	1908 repeated "The Amazons" for the Endowment Fund.
	. Mrs. Hooker, '01, lectured on Woman Suffrage.
	. Our Class Tea to the Graduates.
FEBRUARY 25, MARCH 4	
	. European Fellowships announced.
	. Annual Glee Club Concert.
APRIL 2	. Philosophy Club Lecture.
	. Founder's Lecture. Mr. Harris.
APRIL 13	
	Last Oral passed—Hoop Rolling.
APRIL 30	
May 7	
MAY 9 AND 11	. Basket-ball Preliminaries with 1913.
May 13	
MAY 14 AND 20	Basket-ball Finals with 1911. 1910 won Championship.
May 14	1912 Picnic to 1910.
May 14	Repetition of "When Knighthood Was in Favour," by 1909, for the Benefit
	of the Endowment Fund.
May 16	. Last Day of Lectures.
Мау 18 то 28	Finals.
May 28	1910 Picnic to 1912.
	. Senior Reception to the Faculty.
May 29	. Baccalaureate Sermon by Dr. Johnston Ross.
May 30	1910 Picnic to 1911.
May 30	. Senior Class Dinner.
May 31	. Senior Bonfire.
May 31	. Alumnæ 'Varsity Tennis Tournament.
	(Alumnæ 'Varsity Basket-ball Game.
JUNE 1	College Breakfast.
	Garden Party. Gave up the Steps.
7	Commencement Address by President Taft.
JUNE %	Commencement Address by President Taft. Completion of the First Half Million for Academic Endowment.

In **Memoriam**

Clara Justine McKenney

October 29, 1889 February 1, 1909

The Presentation of the Sun Dial



NE Friday afternoon late in October we gathered in cap and gown at the end of Senior Row. As we walked down across the grass between the maple trees, in their full glory of autumn gold, with the sunlight streaming through them and the fresh wind blowing all the dust of laboratory and classes from us, I think we all felt, even if only vaguely, that we were to be turned around from a dull contemplation of mere shadows in the Cave to look, for a while at least, toward the dawn and toward the light.

In the slanting sunlight we stood in a circle around the dial in its white covering. Mr. and Mrs. McKenney were there; Virginia and Annie Harrington. The covering was taken off, Kate came forward, and, with the silver trowel used for so many corner-stones of the college, laid the last trowelful of mortar. In a few words, as only Kate is able to do, she expressed our love and admiration

of Clara, and there, in the name of the class, she presented the sun-dial to Bryn Mawr, to be a memory of her joyous life, which indeed "marked only sunny hours." To our great regret, President Thomas was unable to be there to receive it, so Mr. Bettle, one of the trustees, took her place. Dr. Barton was there at our request to represent the faculty.

While Mr. Foley was planting around the base the ivy which Mrs. McKenney had brought from Blanford Cemetery, in Petersburg, where Baby is buried, we sang our class song, and then "Thou Gracious Inspiration." As quietly as we had gathered, we stole away, feeling that

"The spirit of class holds true Over the world and under the world And back, Bryn Mawr, to you."

had for us now a new and deeper meaning than when we wrote it in our care-free Freshman year.

SUSANNE CARY ALLINSON.

In **Memoriam**

Frances Appleton Jackson

Nay 31, 1887 **September 29**, 1909

n the twenty-ninth of September, 1909, Frances Jackson bied at ber home in Boston. It is not easy to find words in which to tell of her loss to our class. Able, efficient, and always reliable, she performed cheerfully and well the many tasks that we entrusted to ber. Der happy smile, ber lightheartedness, ber winning personal charm, and her intense loyalty were qualities which endeared her to a countless number of friends. But ber most distinguishing characteristic, perhaps, was her wonderful, genuine human sympathy. The grief of a friend was her grief: the happiness or success of another was her own. She was absolutely without enby or pretense; every thought, every word, every beed testified to ber beep sincerity. Her subben beath in the bery flower of her youth, brought an unspeakable grief to each member of 1910. Time will not bim in our hearts the dear memory of our freshman Class President.

Katherine Kotan.

In **Demoriam**

J. Edmund Wright

February 22, 1910

Professor of Wathematics at Bryn Bawr College

Darsity Hockey

VARSITY HOCKEY this last season was very successful. Seven members and several substitutes were left from last year's team, and these made an admirable nucleus for our team this fall. We played seven games, and lost only one of them, that with the All Philadelphia team. It was, however, our most important game, and its loss was a great disappointment. May future teams have better luck and greater skill than we! The following are the team and schedule for the season of 1909-10:

TEAM Full-Backs Forwards ROTAN, '10 (captain) STETSON, '13 HEARNE, '10 Howell, '10 ASHLEY, '10 KIRK, '10 Goal ALLEN, '10 Worthington, '10 Half-Backs Substitutes from 1910 DENISON, '10 EMERSON, '11 Egan, '11 WHITTEMORE SIMONDS SCHEDULE OF GAMES Bryn Mawr vs. Germantown......Oct. 16th, score 17-0 Bryn Mawr vs. BelmontOct. 23d 11-1 Bryn Mawr vs. Philadelphia Cricket Club......Oct. 27th " 9-3 Bryn Mawr vs. LansdowneOct. 30th, not played Bryn Mawr vs. Belmont......Nov. 6th, score 12-1 12-2 7-1 3-7

The Posproctor System

S Wellesley phrased it, the ideal of any no-proctor system is: "Quiet from 8-1, from 2-4, from 7.30 to 9, and after 10, ABSOLUTE SILENCE!" These words went to the heads of the Bryn Mawr delegation and rang in its ears until, by degrees and many meetings, they were formulated into a scheme of revolution. At that time every hall had well-regulated proctors that went off at regular intervals into penetrating hushes between 7.30 and 9.15 every evening. Though the new plan of "everyone her own thermostat" had been adopted, it was not so easy to break into the peculiarly pernicious power of the pompously imperious proctors. A proctor who sits alertly in her room, with her door open and ears pinched to catch the faintest rustle of noise at the other end of the campus, is not to be lightly dislodged. She has probably impressed her family with the fact that she is in an official position to drown all other noise in the hall with her own remonstrances. She has a certain prestige in the corridor, and there are often little perquisites attached to her office, such as ice cream or fudge, which emanate from noisy parties, and are designed to soothe her pretended rage. The only tactful thing for a proctor to do under such circumstances is either to join the party herself, or to go home, close her door, and put cotton in her ears.

So, on the whole, we foresaw it was not going to be easy to persuade the proctors to retire gracefully from office.

"But the NOISE in the HALLS," we repeated, in a Bored Tone. "The proctor system cannot be adequately adjusted to the exuberant enthusiasm of riotous revels." Whereupon the offended proctors began as one man to intimate the reasons the halls were noisy. They said:

"My hall is nev-er nois-y.

In fact, it has been un-us-u-al-ly qui-et.

The en-tire trou-ble is due to the

noise from

Squeaky stairs
Slamming doors
Talking Wardens
Thin walls
Singing maids
Loud Neckties
Vacuum Cleaners
Rattling dishes
Voluble suitors
and
Echoes."

But finally it was voted, in a big meeting, that the proctors be laid on the shelf. As soon as they were hoisted into their places and tucked comfortably up, silence deep as the tomb settled over the college. Not a shriek was heard in the corridors of Deadbroke; never a squeak from Gradnor. No longer did one witness the exciting spectacle of a whole supper party getting under the bed at the approach of a proctor; no longer did a penetrating hush waken one from sleep at midnight; no longer did "six students take hands and move down the corridor, in quiet or non-quiet hours, making noises no lady should make." Profound gloom descended upon our halls. The only sound was a tired, far-away "S-sh!" from the row of proctors on the shelf.

Practical Philosophy

Toped my eyes;
It lacked five minutes of the time
Then I must rise.

I lay and pondered in my mind Upon the things That Wilton, too, has pondered on, And Shakespeare sings.

Cahen suddenly I saw a form Slide down my wall,—
A longish, vagueish sort of thing! Pone heard my call.

I had no weapon by my couch, Po slipper near.

That it was aiming for my place Was all too clear.

I did not pause to dote upon The charms of rest, Dr whether I liked Chesterton Dr Shakespeare best.

"Somebody has to leave," said I Distractedly

"And something tells me that 'it might As well be me."

Dorothy Ashton.

Drals

Y keenest impression of orals is of how handsome Dr. Jessen looked. No, my very keenest is of how handsome I looked myself. As soon as I got out of bed on the morning of orals, I began taking deep breaths. By the time I was called in at three in the afternoon, I felt myself so highly inflated that only the weight of pending tragedy held me to earth. My best linen had come back so stiff from the laundry that it lent me exactly the feeling of being newly papered throughout. My waist had a simple touch of Irish lace about the neck and sleeves. I mention these details because I know that, like myself, everyone feels that some public recognition should be made of the valorous services rendered her by her good clothes. Henrietta Riggs and Cabbie claim that Dr. Schinz indicated the hand embroidery on their blouses and winked significantly to Dr. Leuba as they came in. And Katharine Liddell—who, by the way, had to go twice to the pike on the Friday afternoon before orals, which she had set aside for the exclusive preparation for that event—was obliged to rely on a bright lavendar bow to pull her through—which it did.

To return to myself, breathing deep and calm, I walked over to Taylor. The services upstairs were not yet begun for the afternoon, owing to some preoccupation of Dr. Jessen. There were fit companions in the lower hall, however, to fill in the time. We chatted pleasantly—never for one moment forgetting to breathe. We said no, we did not think we were afraid. It was just the mere idea of going in, someone said. Which reminded me of a little cousin of mine, who took a long climb with his uncle, and, when they asked him, "Are you tired, Paul?" replied, sunnily, "No, I'm not tired—it's my legs." Miss Crandall passed through the hall—a good omen. She said, "You're not nervous"—I don't know whether it was an interrogative or a declarative sentence, but we said, no, it was the mere idea of going in.

Well, in due season, the mere idea of going in resolved itself into the mere fact of going in. Miss Walker acted as door-keeper, not unlike the stage arrangements of a game we used to play at birthday parties when I was small. But the only vacant chair was in front of Dr. Jessen, and I knew he would never have called me, so I took it in full assurance that the only disaster I had to anticipate was of being clapped out.

Now, having described myself so adequately, let me return to how well Dr. Jessen looked. If he had had a gilt paper crown and a little stick for a sceptre, he would have been really too captivating. I have an idea that his own mental eye had fitted him out in this very manner, for he held his head as if he were balancing a platter on it. Dr. Goetman, I may

say, grunted and wheezed and snickered noisily the while. I'm afraid I made some very good jokes in my translation, for he became steadily more irrepressible. Miss Maddison behaved like a lady, as she is. I must say I think it is too bad we can't get some Chief Mogul position for Dr. Jessen to hold permanently—the Bryn Mawr Pope, for example.

Of course, I can't remember a word that I translated, but I have a feeling that if I could just set down, word for word, the little dissertation I offered, coming generations

would read, and thereafter sing for their own consolation:

Ruth George got through, So we know that we will too.

* * * * * * * * * * *

As for French, I adorned the outside of the cup and platter, as before, but for some reason I could not rise to the exalted plane that makes handsome. Added to this, I knew no French—a combination of short-comings warranted to produce the genuine oral emotion. I may say I had it, out to my very finger-tips. The trouble with the passage they gave me was that it meant so many different things. I would start in cheerfully on a sentence, understanding it perfectly; half way through my eyes would be opened to another possibility—not to say necessity; I would try to glide over into an equivocal construction that would embrace both ideas without committing myself to a preference for either; then, all at once, I would find my plural verb to be written in the singular.

"But this is singular!" I would say to Dr. Blossom, indignantly, meaning him to understand that disagreement between subject and predicate was a shocking carelessness that I would not stand for, and that—not even in order to slide through my oral—was I willing to allow this singular verb to slip by unchallenged. Then the next sentence, as likely as not, instead of having two meanings, would have none, and I would have to call Dr. Blossom's attention to that deficiency. Probably Dr. Blossom was as much disgusted with the passage as I was, for he hunted out another for me, and then another and another, and so on and on. Then I was dismissed.

When I got back to the chapel, I fell upon the bosom of 1912, metaphorically. I wanted to tell all the guesses I had made, but I couldn't remember them, and Susanne wouldn't let me—at least, I suppose it was Susanne. I wasn't fit for anything but eating apples and pounding brass picture frames. For two hours I pounded and ate. My cap was

on the floor under somebody's chair. My hair—just washed, of course—was almost any place. My face burned. My eyes ached. I knew I had flunked. At the end of the two hours Miss Walker came to the door and called, "Miss George." Miss George threw away her apple core, grovelled on the floor for her cap and side-combs, finally clapped on Constance Deming's, wrong side foremost, with her tassle at Freshman year, and thus, in unpremeditated art and full-throated ease, made her last stand.

I don't know where they got that passage. I never supposed there were such passages. It fitted me as if it were made for me. It embraced all the words on my word-list and not one more, except tandis que, which was revealed to me in a vision as I read. It was a little argument in favour of peace—so convincing that I could scarcely resist a personal testimony at the close. I believe there were tears in all eyes, and, with a sob in his voice, Dr. Blossom said that would do.

And so I passed. Sic semper to all friends of 1910.

RUTH GEORGE.

Song Rehearsals

TE may be able to conceal from the rest of the college what is to happen in most of our important class meetings, but when they are mere song rehearsals-never. The meeting is announced at luncheon; nobody hears where it is to be held; enough that it is a song practice. We can't finish our delicious luncheon—we are to have a song rehearsal. At twenty minutes past one, frantic members of 1910 may be seen running wildly in every direction over the campus, clutching papers in their hands (we don't believe in singing without our words before us; we might make a mistake). Pembroke arrives, panting in the music room (of course they think that the only place for a class meeting). Denbigh stays at home, hoping the meeting may drop in on them. I don't know where Rock goes; I never have been able to find out. Sometimes Merion tries the gym, and if they do, they find our president and another songster warbling duets. Then they are sure they are in the wrong place, and flee. Perhaps as they go out, they find others who have had the same brilliant gym inspiration, and returning with these reinforcements, they break up the duet party, and at five minutes of two we begin to sing. Taylor soon helps us out, however, and we depart, having gone through one verse, the same verse we have been singing for a week.

But, best of all is the really great enthusiasm so evident in these sound orgies, for what would a 1910 song rehearsal be like if each and every person were not carried away by her desire to do well by the song. It is amusing to glance around and see us, sitting on the very edges of our chairs, so engrossed that we quite forget a frantic leader. But perhaps it is just as well we don't think of others. Say what we will, however, this personal interest is most pleasing, for what can be more evident of true interest in these songs than the countless differences in interpretation of time and tune indulged in by each member of the class of 1910. But individual research and original theories have their place in singing as well as in the other natural sciences, so why say more. Singing is our strong point; we do not need rehearsals; and although 1909 clung to Music Room G until the bitter end, we found it was no use after one rehearsal in Freshman year.

ELIZABETH L. TENNEY.

The Endowment fund

Life in college has become much more simple, not to say more luxurious, during the last few months, for a wondrous change has been wrought in the attitude of one's friends and acquaintances. On every side there are people anxious, nay, determined, to serve you, and who think no task too menial or no price too low if you will only pay them for what they do for you. This sudden activity is all aroused by the fact that by June 1st the college must have raised an endowment of half a million.

Now, on Sunday mornings, there is no need to hurry into the one or two garments that used to form your Sabbath attire; a timely order, and your breakfast is brought in to you on a tray at whatever time the fatigue of a student life, or of Saturday's dissipation, may have prompted you to think suitable. Then, after dressing, without any need for hurry—you do rather resent having to dress yourself in this golden age—you emerge into your study, knowing that no dreary and soul-destroying washing of the breakfast dishes awaits you. A clean and lovely array of cups and plates is sitting on your tea-table, washed at the moderate price of 5 cents by the faithful Edgy. Indeed Edgy and Spry in Pembroke have turned into machines for washing dishes, and I really believe they derive no inconsiderable amount of joy and profit from this homely task. While in Denbigh no tea is considered complete unless Helen Taft and her helpmates linger longingly beside the door, eager to grasp the dirty dishes.

Indeed, all the disagreeable tasks are taken from you, for besides washing your dishes,

there are people who will mend your clothes and copy your notes; and should your eye "in fine frenzy rolling," as you write at your desk, happen to fall upon a small crawling creature, the sight of which causes your hair to rise "like quills upon the fretful porcupine," need you gird your loins and attack this disturber of the peace with a slipper? Not at all! In the bathroom this comforting sign is hung, accompanied by a most flattering portrait of your enemy:

ENDOWMENT FUND



CENTIPEDES & ANTS & MICE KILLED

Price List.

> S. C. ALLINSON, J. B. KERR.

What is easier than to hunt up one of these brave spirits and bring them back to crush the interloper. Of course, as Miss May, one of our English graduates objected, the centipede or ant, or even the mouse, being of an uncomfortably nomadic nature, may not still be on hand for the slaughter, but, after all, you have rid yourself of the nuisance in either case. And how ridiculously cheap!

Not only can you find servants and brave soldiers among your friends, but poets. No more need to burn the midnight oil or tear the sparse hair in frantic effort, for the college needs an endowment, and poets spring to do her service. Amy and Delano gush forth poetry

as a soda-water fountain gushes forth soft drinks of divers flavours, and, like the said fountain, they are always on tap and always cheap. But let them speak for themselves:

THE ONLY WAY OF CONTRIBUTING TO THE ENDOWMENT FUND

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VERSE

Written for Every Occasion in Life, From

MATRICULATION

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Sonnets, Ballads, Odes and Triolets

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CHOOSE YOUR OWN METRE

Iambic and Trochaic, Alcaic and Sapphic, Choleaiambic and Hendecasyllabic

Price List

Sonnets	Shakespearian\$0.10
	Shakespearian\$0.10 Petrarchan15
Ballads	\$0.03 apiece, 2 for \$0.05
Epics, per yard	
Odes	

(Other prices on application)

WORK DONE QUICKLY, CHEAPLY & WELL Strictly confidential, and no questions asked

A. WALKER C. DELANO

As an example of what these talented ladies can do, I will quote a poem they wrote for a client on the occasion of the receiving of a bunch of flowers:

"When first I saw your fair boquet,
Ah, Lucie,
My thoughts to you did fondly stray,
That you, upon that fair spring day,
Should send me flowers as sweet as hay,
And juicy!"

Is more needed to convince us of the literary sense of style possessed by these wooers of the muse?

Not only in Pembroke, but in every hall, the same activity is displayed. In Rock a Freshman calls people at any hour, beginning at half-past five every morning. In Denbigh at eleven o'clock every day and on Tuesday evenings the Sophomores serve the college with

a milk lunch fit for the gods. Elmer gives swimming lessons; countless people run errands; everybody is eager to serve everybody else for a consideration. The new Lost and Found Bureau, which has taken up its place in the Suffrage Library, is one of the most useful money-making concerns in college. It was originally Monte's idea, and it brings in about \$1.50 a day. Monte's sleuths are seen everywhere on the campus, and with a little more persistence, the Lost and Found—particularly, Found—Bureau might easily make \$5.00 a day.

Then, of course, there is May Day, but that is not in my power or province to describe. Taking into account the fact that the Alumnae and President Thomas show as much spirit and enthusiasm as the undergraduates, who can doubt that we shall have the endowment fund by commencement.

MARY WHITALL WORTHINGTON.

The Tea house; or, Dver the Way to the Potive Shrine

Souls of poets dead and gone, What Elysium have ye known, Happy field or mossy cavern, Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

Scene—The Tea House.

TIME—Any day towards 6 P. M.

Dramatis Personae—Half the college, any half; 1912 East and West in athletic clothes, with two or three tables placed together, all in various stages of a full meal, all ordering more between bites, and all playfully charging the whole to Spry, who is unavoidably absent. In each room one or two tables upon which the hush of death has fallen—no, they are not sick. See, they consume generous orders of baked beans and English muffins. Then, have they quarreled? you ask. Ah, by no means. The fact is, some of the underclassmen have brought their Senior friends—those handsome ladies in satin and evening wraps—to supper with them. Hence the too visible signs of embarrassment. (I mean the underclassmen are embarrassed, not the Seniors.) Well, even Billy and Betty used to be embarrassed, but now they are grown so brazen that whenever, from any point on the campus, they see Jean or Polly entering West door, they exclaim: "Oh, there, let's run home and see if they're going to ask us to the tea house!" And with all speed they swoop down upon their respective apartments and search their desks for hidden billet doux (and Betty do—s).

So much for dramatis personae.

Notice Helen Jurist and Mrs. Pfeiffer are absent after 4 P. M., after which hour no breakfasts are served.

Door opens and new party arrives.

ALL TOGETHER—Is there anything special tonight?

MISS CHRISTY—No, nothing special.

All—Oh-h! (pondering an order blank) "Any creamed chicken?"

MISS C .- No.

INQUIRER—Oyster soup?

Miss C.-No, nothing special.

INQUIRER-Nothing at all?

Miss C.-NO.

INQ.—What kinds of soup?

Miss C.—Tomato.

INQ.—Never eat tomato. Any egg salad?

MISS C.—NO NOTHING SPECIAL!!

INQ. (humbly)—Oh—have you any eggs?

Miss C .- Yes, of course; there's always eggs.

Inq. (bitterly)—Ah, quite true! By the way, why don't we give the eggs to the poor? We always have them too. They seem made for each other.

All write busily.

ROUND-FACED OPTIMIST (I don't mean you, Billy; you're at a table)—I'll have—let's see: First, puffed rice; then a shredded wheat biscuit; then milk-toast, and English muffins, and chocolate, and maple sundae with—what kinds of cake have you?

LEAN CYNIC-Why not a layer of cotton wadding?

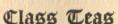
ALL—Miss Christy, can we have these right away?

Miss C. (calmly)—There are five orders before you.

ALL—Oh, well. (They find a table, and begin to talk about Doctor Clark, or garden party hats, or some other light topic.) Every time the maid appears, the two rooms rise in a body and exclaim, "That's ours!" As she disappears they sit down with the same unanimity, and observe, menacingly, under breath: "Well, ours is next."

Thus it takes only an hour and three-quarters to get a shirred egg on these nights of blocked traffic—and as the Tea House is run for the benefit of the Students' Building, we all feel justified in running over here on our particularly busy nights in order to save ourselves the annoying delay between courses to which our Hall table d'hote is so subject.





EVER since we first knew that there existed such a function as a Senior Tea, we have held them in a special variety of awe. We are now speaking editorially, and there may be those who have not shared in this timid feeling of ours. A Senior class tea was the only tea to which there was no possible chance of access. One might, by clever bootlicking or by mere nerve, appear at a Philos or Science club tea uninvited. Even an English club tea we have seen broken in upon by the simple method of standing in the door and giggling in a silly fashion until asked to enter by a wrathy hostess. But a Senior tea! There one absolutely could not enter. One was shut out as a poor sinner from Paradise, and no amount of hanging around the door or clinging to the coat-tails of better souls could get one in.

Now that Senior teas have become a familiar affair, this awed respect has vanished. We saunter in, in evening gown or gym suit, as luck may have it, and, finding the most comfortable chair—already occupied or not—we settle ourselves for a delightful time of luscious food and gossip.

One feature, to our prejudiced mind the chief feature of these teas, is the class cup. The wearisome hours of labour which the cup-choosing committee endured; the nightmare of adorning teacups with dragon flies in graceful patterns; the worse one of persuading your friends that your design was one of incomparable beauty, all go to make a halo around those teacups which a year of weekly meetings has not entirely destroyed. Our final choice, everyone must admit, is beyond all criticism, and we do homage to Bessie Cox, who invented it, and still survived.

As a class tea revolves chiefly around the refreshments, they should not be left unmentioned. But most of us have done ample justice to them already, and a longer notice might involve mention, alas, of those unwilling little parties beforehand, when we struggled to get ready those provisions. After all, though, it is almost worth while to have been a Senior if only to have had the privilege of enjoying class teas, and we say good-bye to them with great reluctance.

Charlotte V. Simonds.

Statistical Ponsense

ROM the minute I heard the words, "a Bryn Mawr census," I had a terrible foreboding, which is now to take form in our class book.

"A Bryn Mawr census"—the words were greeted with mingled grunts of approval and displeasure. But the voice continued: "There are three reasons why we should take a census of the college: First, because it is the year of the United States census; secondly, because it is the twenty-fifth anniversary of the college; and, thirdly, because * *."

The words I but dimly remember, as the excitement of the situation was arousing me, but the gist of them was that the census would be good for the activity of our souls.

As can well be imagined, no one had any good reasons on the opposite side, and then there was the thought that we would not have to do any private reading. As that dawned on them, the Social Research class began to sit up and take notice. I must tell you that the greatest number in that brilliant class are Seniors, including Miss Biddle in its select circle. I mention Miss Biddle as she was one of the foremost ones in desiring to——. But I am running ahead of myself.

Imagine a dull, weary day, which became brilliant with flashes of lightning when Miss Parris told us that we should plan this hour what questions were to be asked in the census. And here is where Miss Biddle comes in. There was absolutely nothing that she did not wish to know, from the hour of their birth to the denominational affiliation—and this last word has been made to cover a multitude of sins—of their third cousins. Suggestions flew. "We must know how much is spent on puffs," said one; "and how many wish to get married," said another; "and how many had governesses intermittently in their chequered careers," volunteered a third.

We scarcely recognized our own handiwork in the official printed cards, that were at last offered to us to spread over the halls like the yellow plague.

"How should I know how old I am, or what I believe in," were remarks often made to the census-takers. "Well, I suppose I better put down two and a half brothers," said another, "though I can't see what use my half-brother will be to you." To enumerate the illuminating remarks made about race, creed, and colour would be to expose to the cynical laugh of scoffers the ponderous, hence unwieldy, knowledge which Bryn Mawr students have of their own intimate affairs.

Wearily, not to say warily, we collected the cards from the poor moths, who fluttered in vain when face to face with the point that the cards had to be finished now—which meant immediately, and not next week. But if you could see the stack of yellow cards, labelled Graduate, 1910, 1911, 1912 and 1913, with their convict numbers—by which we lose all identity—you would realize what a monument we are leaving the college; and a glimpse into the edifying remarks would make you feel doubly the importance of our great task.

We can all appreciate the sentiment which led a girl to put down her mother's occupation as minister's wife, but we follow a little more slowly the train of thought which led another to put her sister's occupation as "wife and mother." We find ourselves lost in the medical realm when we come face to face with one student who put her denominational affiliation as allopathic. But again we feel solid ground beneath our feet when we meet the girl who put her sister's conjugal estate as "hopeful," and we praise the student who put for the conjugal estate of her married sisters "good," and left a severe blank for those who are single. It seems scarcely possible, yet the census card says it—hence we must take it for a truth—that one in our midst dresses on "one solitary dollar" a year. Our modesty almost blushes. Such extravagance seems superfluous. It is not more to be wondered at than at the many girls who spend only one to two hours a week on recreation. Perhaps the two are not incompatible.

I had no idea that the college was so musical; almost everyone has some suggestions to make on the subject. I cannot resist mentioning two of these, which show what a tremendous growth takes place in the four years of college life. A Freshman offers as an improvement: "Having pianos somewhere open to students at any time." Now hear the wisdom of the Senior: "Have pianos in the halls, to be opened during certain hours, and for the use of which students might be authorized by some such system as we use in the swimming-pool." The only difficulty here would be in finding a satisfactory judge, which would be the same in the case of the girl who wished friends of good moral character only to be permitted to sleep in the halls.

Perhaps it would not be an unfitting close for the Bryn Mawr census to end with the most illuminating of all the changes desired, which is: "To keep Taylor clock as brilliant by night as by day, so that by its hands we can always tell which way the wind is blowing."

JEANNE B. KERR.

A Low Buildings Tea

(With Apologies to 1909 and also to Mr. Kipling)

'Mat is Felicia screaming for?"

The frightened freshman cried.

"A note has come, a note has come,"

"Felicia's chum replied.

"That makes her dash off down the hall? Is someone hurt or dead?"

"She's gone to show it to her friends,"

felicia's roommate said.

"For she's going to Low Buildings, She's invited down to tea.

The other English sharks are glum; Felicia's wild with glee.

Pes, she has a quiz to-morrow, But she'll have to flunk, I see;

But she'll have to flunk, I see; For she'll go to tea, at all cost, at Low Buildings." "TAho could have moved my new suede shoes?"

The freshman small complained.

"Felicia thought they matched her suit,"
Felicia's chum explained.

"And where's my watch and turquoise ring?—my pendant necklace, too?"

"She had to have some ornaments; she only took a few.

For she's going to Low Buildings, Just get on to her grand air?

She is wearing Fanny's velvet hat and Susan's braid of hair.

Dh, we took the card from off her door and scrubbed it clean with care

And she's going off in splendour to Low Buildings."

"Cahat is that long-drawn wail of woe?
Some soul oppressed by fate?"

"Felicia must have seen the clock, She's half an hour late."

"Ahat moves so swift across the sun, There on the far hillside?"

"Chat's our Felicia on the run," Felicia's chum replied.

"For she's going to Low Buildings, She is dashing down the walk;

I hope she gets ber breath again, and manages to talk.

For I read all 'Book News' to her While she cleaned her gloves with chalk:

And she's gone to see Hiss Crandall at Low Buildings."

Katharine Liddell.



Track

UR career in track, which might better have been left uncareered, perhaps, may be divided into two stages—Freshman year and the rest.

That first year we were inspired with the true, fervid Freshman zeal to win everything in sight, and with that aim before us, we did manage to come off quite creditably. This was due chiefly to Clara McKenney and Frances Jackson, who, with some assistance from our energetic captain, Kate Rotan, saved us from the disgrace that followed in years to come.

Of that rest, the sad, melancholy, dismal rest, the less said the better. Only the prodding of our editor can force the tale from my unwilling pen. The statistics are given elsewhere in this book, I regret to state, for there are statistics and statistics, and these are of the ought-to-be-suppressed variety.

Sophomore year Janet Howell, as captain, laboured to bring us into shape, but even her entreaties and threats could not make us win that meet, and preferring to do badly if we could not be the best, we gracefully slid into third place.

The next martyr to the cause was Katherine Kelley, who, lacking the size of Janet, could not intimidate as many unwilling recruits, and had to depend solely on cajoling speeches and bribes. In spite of all her efforts, the final result was deplorable. As each class entered the gym, loud cheers broke out from the faithful supporters in the gallery, but 1910 looked in vain for something to cheer. Finally they were reduced to searching with a telescope. There against the wall, completely concealed by a balancing-bar, were the terrified forms of K. Kelley, M. Ashley and K. Rotan. Other more timid spirits were there also, we discovered later, but for the moment they were safely hidden in a crack in the floor. Mabel Ashley, manager, entered no events, but her conscientious devotion to duty drove her in; and there she sat, smiling in a sickly fashion and clutching her friends to keep her anxious legs from carrying her out. We take off our hats even our best garden-party hats, to her. For Kate we have no adequate words. Amid the audible gasps from the gallery, she was seen to enter sixteen events at once, at the same time giving a phonographic account of her efforts, inter-

rupted by appeals to Miss Applebee to "please wait a minute until I finish this one skip and try the fourteen-broad-jumps, and the slide-on-your-ear."

Of Senior year I cannot speak without weeping. Kate, Janet and Katherine became my heroes, and I shuddered to think of what they had gone through. My amiable good nature and bulky size (for which something tells me I was elected) vanished amazingly. My days were spent exhorting, pleading, threatening; my evenings in sadly watching Mary Ag leaping like a young gazelle, or Jane Smith hurling the shot almost a foot away. Kirky deserves a gold medal, for she appeared every evening and went through every event with a nonchalance that calmed my nervous spirit and made me believe the individual cup was surely hers. Others whom I could bribe to stay in battle appeared from time to time, only to vanish after a terrified look at the hordes of 1913, who held nightly class meetings around the apparatus. Before the winter was over I was a complete wreck and had lost almost two pounds; and the doctors, fearing for my mind, ordered me to resign, so the brave Kirklet took my place.

The two meets themselves may better be omitted. Our numbers were larger than the previous year, but our successes fewer. Kirk and Kate were our stars, but for the most part we slumbered peacefully on each other's shoulders, while 1911 and 1913 flung themselves about with a lamentable zeal for earthly glory. We rejoice to see that 1912, like us, disdained such silly sports.

No account of track is complete without mention of the tug-of-war, and this, our "chef d'oeuvre," our "pièce de resistance," deserves the final place of honour. With Lordy sitting heavily at the end, Jane, Ros, Pat and others of the same construction dotted along at intervals, who could resist us? Of our defeat in Senior year I say nothing—that was accident. The glory of other tugs spreads over it gently and blots it out, and we may complacently sit back and comfort ourselves with the thought that individually we may have been poor, but for team work, "Laudamus suprema, Bryn Mawr, 1910."

CHARLOTTE V. SIMONDS.

Glee Club Concert

A S a member of 1910, I can scarcely be expected to give an unprejudiced account of the Glee Club Concert, which took place May 2, 1910. 1910 is proverbial for the way it views its own accomplishments, and I am no exception to the rule.

The concert was early on account of May Day. This, owing to the fact that we had not practiced the songs until we were tired of them, made the singing more spontaneous. The faculty (much to their annoyance, I feel sure) were for the most part prevented from being present, by a party which Dr. Clark gave on that evening. I suspect them, however, of lurking outside the gym at the last rehearsal, for Dr. Jessen was heard to remark that our pronunciation of German was unusually distinct and good. Betty, looking most fascinating, in a gown which was as lovely in front as it was in the back (not always the case on such occasions), led with much spirit and a skill for which Mr. Miller afterwards gave her well-deserved praise.

The Mandolin Club, I heard many people say, was better than it had been for years. Mr. Eno, prowling behind the scenes, could not have asked for a better result than Agnes Irwin achieved. Jeanette Allen performed on the drum, and many other unnameable instruments in quick succession, and called forth the usual interest. The President was an appreciative member of a very enthusiastic audience. The consensus of opinion seemed to be that the concert was unusually good, and I am sure 1910 enjoyed it more than any of the others during its college career.

MABEL PIERCE ASHLEY.

The Fellowship Dinner

Nietten-Ten's Fellowship Dinner, in honour of our European Fellow, Nellie Bley, was well attended by the Faculty and an appreciative audience of undergraduates. As we entered the dining-room Mary Wesner, in imitation of one of Miss King's Renaissance art classes, pointed out the varied details of the procession. The allegorical figures symbolizing Hebraism and Hellenism—Dr. Barton and Dr. Clark—were particularly interesting. "Pat" Murphy was a very amusing toast-mistress, and in her rôle of President Thomas was assisted by Daddy Warren and Miss Maddison. The Faculty, especially Dr. Barnes and Miss Daly, were greatly interested and very generous in their offers of wearing apparel. A few of the most realistic "make-ups" were those of

Miriam Hedges as Miss Parris, Jeanne Kerr as Dr. Jessen, and Georgina Biddle as Dr. de Laguna. Dr. de Laguna was unfortunately quite late in arriving, owing to the illness

of little Spinoza.

A very interesting "take-off" of an English Reader's Tea, written mainly by Ruth George, was given. The conversation, of course, beggared description, and Miss Hoyt and Dr. Clark were especially brilliant. Mary Wesner accomplished the very difficult feat of being alternately Miss Donnelly and Miss King. The presence of Miss Fullerton's fiancé added a touch of romance. The May-pole dance gave some members of the Faculty a greatly desired opportunity to take part in May Day. Their efforts were strenuous, and the dance ended in an effective tableau. The mock Orals, even when given as they ought to be, sent a thrill of terror to the hearts of 1911. Margaret Shearer gave one of Miss Jackson's lectures on Shakespeare to her class—a. But, above all, our Fellowship Dinner should be memorable not only to 1910, but to the lower classes also, because it was the first college function in which the Gargoyle Man had a part.

Frances Storer.

The Gentle Art of May Day Making

A Comedy (?) in Four Acts

ACT I

Scene: Mr. King's classroom.

TIME: January 28, 1910.

Committee assembled.

CHAIRMAN—We have a few minutes before Mr. King and Miss Daly arrive. We must think whom we want for every position, so they can't force us to take their candidates.

1911 A.—Of course. They don't know the capabilities of any of the girls. Just think of the merry men Mr. King suggested!

1912 A.—You know he has never seen us act, and we have some very good people.

1911 B.—We don't any of us know what the Freshmen can do, but I have an idea C. can act.

1910 B.—What makes you think so?

1911 B.—I don't know. I heard her learning a Horace ode, and she said it awfully well. All her friends say she can act.

CHAIR.—We can put her down as a possible Fool or Titania. Now, please get people for the Sword Play, and twelve good-lookers with legs that can dance, and sixty May poles and twenty-eight small chimney sweeps. We can pick out the twelve best legs for cupids. Do let us have nice tall merry men, and some of them have got to sing.

(This having been accomplished in short time.)

1911 B.—Let us go over the finding list, and see if we have left out anyone. (reads) A.

1912 A.—Flower.

1911 B.—(reads) B.

1910 B.-Worm.

1911 B.—(reads) C.

1911 A.—Priest.

1911 B.—(reads) D.

1910 B.—She is a milkmaid.

1912 A.—No; don't you remember, we changed her with X when X was made a Herald because Y had a voice.

1911 B.—So we did. (reads) E.

1910 B.—Who on earth is she? I never heard of her.

1911 A.—She's the fat little grad in Radnor. Croud?

1910 A.—Yes.

1911 B.—(reads) F. (etc.—412 names.)

CHAIRMAN—We simply must keep Mr. King from putting all those sad people in the best parts. There are lots of girls in our class that can do things.

1911 A.—Yes, and in ours. Don't you know how splendid M. was in the hall show as the villain?

CHAIR.—Well, be firm, and don't give in.

(Enter Mr. King and Miss Daly.)

Chorus—Good evening. We have saved you all the bother of casting the plays and choruses. We shall read you what we have decided.

ACT II

Scene: Miss Daly's office.

TIME: Two weeks before May Day.

(Enter Chairman, breathlessly.)

Miss Daly (sweetly)—You are just the person I wanted to see. Now hold on to something while I tell you the news. Three flowers have given out because they can't

rehearse on Saturday. One cupid says she won't wear a blond wig. The hobby-horse has broken her foot, and the fool has measles. None of the May poles are full, and Mr. Carpenter says all the dances are hopeless.

(Enter a Freshman.)

FRESH.—Are you ready to try on my costume, Miss Daly?

Miss D.—Yes, come right in. Here it is. Isn't it pretty? This purple hood on the yellow dress with the red overskirt and blue stockings is one of the nicest costumes in May Day. You must make your own shoes, and I shall order you a grey bald wig and a comedy make-up.

FRESH. (tearfully)—But I want to look pretty, and yellow is horribly unbecoming.

Miss D.—No one will recognize you in this, and it will be such a nice surprise for your family. That will do. Good-bye.

(Exit Freshman.)

Miss D.—All those poor children want to be milkmaids in flowered pink, but somebody has to wear the ugly costumes. Now, will you please fill in all these vacant places, and see Mr. Foley about the stage and order your properties. Mr. King wants to change all the casting around; he says six of the plays are very poor. But I think it's rather late.

ACT III

Scene: The Gym balcony. Time: One week before May Day.

1st Student-What is on tonight?

2ND STUDENT-Mr. King is having dress rehearsals of everything. Let's stay?

3RD STUDENT—Well, I only hope they get somewhere. Last night he spent two hours and a half on three lines of Bottom. Poor Pat was a nervous wreck, and Titania went sound asleep.

2ND STUDENT—He has ordered the halls to be kept open, and is going to keep everybody until he is through tonight!

(Enter Mr. King below.)

Mr. K.—Is Miss X here? (Frantic endeavours finally produce Miss X.) Oh! I just wanted to tell you that you must wake up. I can't keep on rehearsing you all the time. I go without my luncheon, and I rush up here after a vile dinner. If I could have a bird and quart of champagne I might stand it. Of course, I get nothing for all the extra time I spend, etc., ad infinitum.

(X, quite limp, departs.)

Mr. King-Now, if you are ready, we will begin with the Sword Play.

(The Fool speaks two words.)

Mr. K. (interrupting)—No; a little more this way (performs). Or you might do it like this (performs). Or I should do this (performs). You see, I can do it a hundred different ways.

(Meanwhile the other casts are growing momentarily crosser. About 1.30.)

STAGE MGR. OF SWORD PLAY-We really must stop now, Mr. King.

Mr. K.—Yes, so we must. We have not done very much, but it's better to perfect each part as you go along. I know you hate to stay here, but it is most important to watch me. You must all rehearse six or eight hours a day out of doors, and don't forget your final consonants.

ACT IV

Scene: Behind the screen of any play. Time: Mayday, 5.30 P. M.

1st Student—There she goes dying again. It seems to me I shall go mad if I have to hear that again.

2ND—I'm so sick of saying those silly three lines, and my sandals won't stay on, and the

make-up is trickling down my face, and I'm starving.

3RD—The second audience was the best. Did you hear that sweet man laughing at all my jokes? And somebody told my mother that our play was the best by far. I wonder what Miss Thomas will say in Chapel.

STAGE MANAGER (frantically creeping from behind a bush)—Hurry up! Your cue is coming. And don't forget to turn your face to the audience, and keep your pose, and shout. Go on, you're doing splendidly. Did you hear that Dr. L. has been to six performances of our play! Hasn't it been fine.

1st Student-Yes, but how glad I am that it comes only once in a lifetime.

ELSA DENISON.

FINIS

Basket Ball

If this had to have a title beside just Basket Ball, it certainly should be Just One More, or How we did it. For it is only of this year that I am going to speak, since we may consider the failures and disappointments of other seasons as mere preparation for this our last season, when we were unbeaten. Just One More is peculiarly appropriate to this Basket Ball season, as it was just one more in each game with 1911 which won us the championship.

On the day of our last game with 1911, one of them said to me: "Do let us win one game, so that our banner can stay out longer and get to look like 1910's." But losing that game would have made us feel like the Irishman whose wife lay dying.

"Pat," she said, "will you promise to do just one thing for me?"

"What is it?" said Pat.

"On the day of my funeral, please ride in the carriage with my mother, your mother-in-law."

Pat was silent for a few moments, and then said:

"All right, but it will spoil the day for me."

Now, since this is a 1910 book, let us praise 1910 a little, and let the other classes be generous. No one realises better than 1910 how well we have done in athletics this year—hockey, swimming, and now basket ball. A Freshman said to me after the last game: "It seems too bad that some other class can't have their banner out some time—you get everything." That reminds me of the Southern Mountaineer. A stranger came along one day and asked for supper. The mountaineer gave him the best he had—corn bread and pork. The stranger ate and ate, and finally the host began to get worried, thinking of his larder, and at last said:

"Well, stranger, there's plenty more corn bread and plenty more pork if you're hungry, but I'm afraid you'll bust."

But with all our honours, we haven't busted. We did have a fine team in spite of the fact that the forwards once in a while did miss a goal, and the ball did hit Kate in the back as she pursued her forward down the field, and the centres tried to play forward, centre and guard all at the same time, to the great annoyance of the rest of the team.

But we managed to shine, and we can say, like the small boy who was asked about the baseball team he was on:

"It's a fine team, and, what's more, we always win!" F

FRANCES H. HEARNE.

Junior-Senior Supper

To feel the proper emotion at the proper moment is an accomplishment which one is apt to outgrow with Freshman year. By the end of Sophomore year one's emotional gamut has been run so many times over that one can ring few new changes upon it, and by Senior year to giggle at a farewell ceremony or to be moody at an inter-class picnic has acquired more or less cachet. For the most part, of course, such procedure is left to choice spirits—like Grace Branham—who can do it with distinction, while the body of the class goes through the motions, at least, that are time-honoured and tradition-hallowed. But on the occasion of 1911's Junior-Senior Supper to us, I think the whole Senior Class felt a distinct disinclination to the customary lugubrious solemnity, a distinct desire to signalise this out last party with 1911 by laughter and merry-making, rather than by the tears of present or anticipatory woe.

Fortunately for our state of mind, the exigencies of May Day year had barred the traditional heavy tragedy, and 1911 had been forced to substitute a form of entertainment more quickly and easily arranged. And what height of wisdom and depth of insight they showed in this substitution! In their "prophetic drama," entitled Toward the Dawn, or Doing Our Civic Duty, we were permitted to see ourselves not, we fear, as others see us, but as we are wont to see ourselves—beautiful, clever, successful, bourgeoning in the sunshine of a radiant future. Was it possible to miss Romeo or the Princess Melissande when presented with this charming vision of 1910? What is Medea's suffering compared with Mary's suffrage or Joffrey Rudd's passage of the far seas to Mary Ag's passage of her French oral? Even 1910's peculiarities and shortcomings are dear to 1910, and 1911 could give us only pleasure so long as they adhered closely to the happy subject they had chosen. Their idea—inspiration, let us call it—was worthy of 1910 itself.

On the whole, we venture to say that there never was and never will be such another Junior-Senior Supper. The tide of revelry rose high, especially toward the end of the evening, when the ice cream—two big plates apiece—was served, and when, all too soon, the festivities drew to a close and the Junior-Senior supper songs were sung, we almost resented 1911's song—beautiful as it was, and full, we like to believe, of genuine regret and affection—because it seemed like an unseasonable reminder of our approaching departure, an unwelcome intrusion upon our merry-making.

And so the happy evening came to an end—an evening, pleasant, like so many others that we have spent in the last four years—we and 1911—and yet like none other in its

peculiar heightening and intensification of gayety. It was as if, though seeming to forget it, we realised subconsciously all along that it would be our last, and so had flung ourselves with all the more abandon into the evening's festivities; as if we would deceive ourselves by the tranquillity of things as yet unchanged into thinking that they could never change; as if, though on the eve of separation, we would avert our faces as long as possible from a vision of the parted ways.

Katharine Liddell.

Senior Reception to the Faculty

I T is characteristic of the way a Class Book is compiled that the article on Senior Reception to the Faculty should be written by one of the few Seniors who were, as Doctor Warren would say on Commencement Day, "in absentia" (being the Latin for "has the measles").

It is also a little characteristic of our Alma Mater that this excellent opportunity of becoming acquainted with the Faculty takes place on the last Saturday night of Senior year. Let us trust that the many tender affinities discovered on that occasion remain green and fresh even unto Commencement Day. But "let that pass," as Simon Eyre's wife would say. As the Faculty weren't there, what's the difference when it comes off? Oh, some of them were there. And poor, tired 1910 was there—1910 having, generally speaking, taken an exam. in the morning, a picnic luncheon (did I say luncheon?) with 1912 in the afternoon, decorated the gym roof until dinner time, and themselves from that point on to the fatal hour, were reduced to the despair of an old gentleman of my acquaintance who groaned that he didn't care whether he lived or died—he'd about as lief live.

Well, weary or not, we managed to get an adequate sprinkling of furniture conveyed to the gym roof. I saw, with none other than my own eyes, Jane Smith assisting a fair-sized parlour-suite across the campus with easy grace. One of her legion of admirers discerned her in the distance just as Jane, weary of kicking the pillows before her, was making a transfer of some sort, and came to her assistance. As I wasn't helping, I sneaked in thoughtfully, as one does when one isn't helping, and wondered to myself if Jane really could be as tired as I was. Inside I heard Kate coming down the hall and calling back messages and directions for the length of two corridors to the extremities of West. She

stopped and telephoned a brief summary of the day to Cecil, then passed out the front door. Well, I knew she was tireder than I was, so, in sheer self-reproach, I sought out my kimona and went to bed—the only excuse which official Bryn Mawr recognises.

The event itself afforded high entertainment to such of the Seniors as took advantage of the opportunity to become acquainted with themselves—a laudable purpose, after all, though it is doubtful whether 1910 would have set apart the busiest hours of the busiest week of the year to that exclusive end had it known. And, as I say, several of the Faculty did come. Doctor Warren was there, so his lovers were consoled—though I understand he would fain have tarried until even Kate and Mary fell by the wayside. And Doctor Jessen was there, and was heard to murmur, as, wrapped in his high Dutch mantle, he strode the roof, that if you walked up and down you could stand it, meaning, of course, the weather, and not the society.

Perhaps I give the occasion a wrong tone, which comes of my not being there, but my impression of this function sums itself up in the Wordsworthian sentiment, voiced by Mr. Gilbert in his touching account of the self-sacrifice of the relatives of Captain Reece, "It was their duty, and they did."

RUTH GEORGE.

Senior Class Supper

RATHER less imposing than the 1913 Freshman Parade, certainly less apprehensive than our own Freshman procession, almost as unconcerned, indeed, as if we were making breakfast in our jumpers, 1910 entered upon the most significant social function of Senior year. We had been warned that this event would offer the gamut of human emotions. Those who had tears had been well advised to prepare to get at one. But, for perversity or for weariness, 1910 had seemed to take no steps to conjure up the proper frame of mind. We had eaten our roast beef and coffee jelly at 6.30 as if we anticipated the seven lean years; we had sung on the steps as light-heartedly as the grieved and reproachful countenances of our leaders would allow; and finally, at about 8.40, had repaired to our rooms to finish our toasts and put on our dresses (not made for the occasion, as in earlier days). Then for the last time we passed back the note for "the Sophs are out this evening," and, as I have said, nonchalantly, gently jovial, and as unpretentious as our Freshmen's poor relations, we climbed the stairs and entered the Pembroke dining-room, and the doors were closed!

So they must remain; 1910 will not forget; no one else was ever meant to know—except for her own class. I never before suspected that toasts were materially different from funeral orations. But what a night!

I can see everyone in the dining-room in my mind's eye. Jane, pink and comfortable, hanging to the back of her chair, and laughing at her own Irish jokes; Charlotte cheerfully warbling a line of every song we had in college, amidst our enraptured shrieks; Dorothy Ashton reading the funniest toast of the evening as if it were a death warrant—lacking only the tan shoe polish of her favourite rôle; lovely Elsa and Madeleine—I shall always feel as if I had been good-looking myself; and Ros, smiling the pleased smile of a five-year-old when she saw we were crazy about her—was there ever such an adorable fool? Oh, 1910 must go the way of all the earth; but I am glad that I for one was within those closed doors when the best class in college looked upon itself and knew. We began to know from the first minute—saw face to face finally when we heard through the open windows 1909 singing us their Junior-Senior supper song. Then, all subdued, we sang ours to them—and our parting song, and Kate got up—but this is enough. *

Out in the clear night, under a black sky cut with stars, we sang at the Sun Dial to Baby and Frances; then gathered about our little tree, and to each of sixty more Seniors, before they passed out, was sung—not in very good cheer, but in all sincerity—that haunting good-bye:

Here's to you, my jovial friend; Here's to you with all my heart. And now we're in your company, We'll sing before we part. Here's to you, 1910.

RUTH GEORGE.

President Thomas's Receptions

Dr, Eight Wore Poung Ladies Please Step Dut of the Dining-room

Y present emotions (with Dr. Leuba's permission) are somewhat similar to those of the henpecked Irishman, who, when told that a friend had just hanged himself, groaned, "Begorra, thin, if there's anny rope left, bring it in to me." Still I have the consolation of knowing that, as my effort is scheduled for the early part of the programme, I shall have recovered from my terror in time to enjoy the dessert. In this I am reminded of the woman, on page 58 of the *Irish Joker*, whose new mistress told her to come at ten the next morning. The girl answered, "Faith an' Oid sooner come at eight, mum; thin if Oi don't loike th' place Oi can lave in toime fer the matinay."

And now to plunge into the rhyme
That doth enclose my tale:
We've entered through the Deanery door
As convicts enter jail.

But though they have no choice of place,
'Tis very plain to see

That we with one accord select

Those nearest chocolate and tea.

I've come to like one sofa well,

The one nearest the door,

Where that Ethiopian angel comes

For eight young ladies more.

On every face a genial glow Appears immediately. Full forty robbers make a dash At that "open sesame."

First I lingered for one moment,
I'd been fidgeting for ten.
Eight others less polite than I
Had beat me out again.
I had ten minutes more to muse
Upon what might have been.

Politeness is not everything
That mother used to say.

I've profited by what I've seen,
I, too, meet Henry now half way.

I've often heard that loud attire
Had much to do with taste,
I'm certain of it now I've seen
Four marrons in one waist.

But lest you think that all my toast
Is limited to food,
I turn to other nobler themes,
Less commonplace and crude.

One night when most were deep absorbed In sober subjects, books and tea, Miss Garrett thrilled the ranks by, "Carey, Here is one who once knew three!"

How could we know that she and Elsie Deep in morphine eaters were, When vital modern topics Centred round that other chair!

Though we seemed all gay and cheerful To an undiscerning sight, Yet beneath the fear was gnawing, Taylor may not ring to-night!

Then at last the way was opened,
Henry once more at the door,
Once again a rush of sixty
For the cab that came for four.

To Miss Thomas's receptions
Let us toast them long and well;
For, as the Irish woman put it,
"All is swell that ends up swell."

DOROTHY ASHTON.

Track

FEAR it will come as a disappointment to many of you that you are not being addressed on this subject of mine by one of our numerous Track Captains. Having just read Charlotte's impassioned prose for Class Book, I recognise, as you must, that no one speaks with such feeling and insight on this subject as Charlie does. Indeed, when I took up my program this evening and read opposite Charlotte's name the words, "Our Howling Success," I said to myself, "Why, they have given Charlotte 'Track' after all!" But no, I see now that Our Howling Success describes not only our Singing and Track, but just anything that 1910 happens to be doing, and is a eulogium quite inadequate to the differentiation of any particular one of our accomplishments (I trust you all are able to keep up with my vocabulary—the dregs of a matric. exam. I took this A. M. in Eng. Comp.). As I was about to say, there are so many subjects that Charlotte is qualified to speak on-that's because she's an all-round girl-while for me there's almost nothing that I'm cut out for except Track-and Foot Ball. So if you'll forgive me, I'll just try to take Billy's place. This reminds me of a story—and, by the way, I'm sorry to say, I was obliged to cull all my jokes this afternoon from the current numbers of the magazines, so I'll just ask whoever is sitting beside Cabbie kindly to have an eye on her and keep her from anticipating my point with any noisy demonstration; and I will say right here that I could have had less common and time-worn jokes but for the mercenary secretiveness of our honoured Toastmistress. Jane had four volumes this afternoon, entitled, The Dinner Speaker's Complete Library of Refined Jokes, Hitherto Unpublished, and refused to lend me a single refined, unpublished joke. (She boasts she has eleven speeches to make in two days, besides keeping up her usual standard of witty repartee.) If she's going to retail all four books, I'd like to know when we're going to get our tree planted. But, of course, I don't care. I've got lots of jokes. The question is how to get them in.

Well, as I was going to say, when I so recklessly relinquished my hard-won transitional sentence, my taking Charlotte's place reminds me of a young teacher who had a message from a college president, saying that their professor of English had to go to the hospital to be operated on for appendicitis, adding, "Can you come and take his place." You can hardly blame the young man for sending back word promptly, "Not on your life. I need my appendix."

Well, about Track (in these speeches, I believe it's convention to refer at intervals to one's subject, is it not?)—1910 Track reminds me of the story of a man in a restaurant

trying to eat his soup. (Renew your vigilance, Susanne; this is out of June Harper's.) Finally he spoke to the waiter and said, "What kind of soup is this?" The servant said, "Mock turtle, sir."

"Mock turtle, is it? Um-m, well, will you kindly let the turtle wade through it once more?"

Now, I think that's our situation with regard to Track. Kirkie and Kate go down and wade through it a time or two to give the affair a 1910 suggestion. But, after all, we do enough for Track by lending it our good name. The extraordinary thing about it is that we're so extremely nice ourselves that, when we don't do Track, instead of thinking there's something the matter with us, people think there's something the matter with Track.

Once there was an Irishman on a street corner as a funeral procession passed by. Someone came along and said, "Who's dead?"

"I don't know," the Irishman said; "guess it must be the gentleman in the coffin."

Now, this is where 1910's superiority over natural law comes in. We're in the coffin, we must admit, as regards Track—but the joke is that what's dead is not 1910, but Track! I call that an achievement. Of course, Miss Applebee doesn't see it that way, but if we're so influential, why we can't help it, can we?

But I've been making a little social research on my own account, and I have convinced myself that 1910 is not so unsportsmanlike in this department as Miss Applebee seems to think. I find that if we had credit for all our athletic accomplishment, made in a quiet way, we should stand very high indeed. So I'll read a few statistics just to show what 1910 does in fields that are highly praiseworthy, even if less conspicuous than the records made in the "Track Meetings," as Miss Maddison calls them. Now, I find the following record of events:

COLLEGE RECORD FOR

Standing high hat—Broken by Hélène Pelletier, height 2 ft. 10 inches.

This record was previously held by D. Merle-Smith, 1908.

Second place for this event went to Polly Venom, 1912.

Some people accuse Billy of exercising undue influence upon the judges.

Drooping broad hat.

First place, Lillie James.

Second place, Alice Whittemore, on the purple sailor.

Lillie challenges all comers in finals at Garden Party

Next events.

In the Constant Kick.—Open this year to all comers. First place was held by Miss Theresa Daly, 1901.

The Cup offered for fast neckties and girdles: goes this year to Hilda Worthington Smith. Hilda having held this cup now for four years becomes the possessor. This cup was offered by Miss Orie Latham Hatcher.

NEXT EVENT IS

The dash for breakfast.

First place (modesty forbids my mentioning the name, but the time is 3 min., including bath. Second place, Mary Worthington. Time, 4 min. 30 sec. She says that includes a bath, too. This dash for breakfast is a record of which 1910 may be justly proud. In the first place, we play a clean game—baths seldom if ever omitted. In the second place, we are to be congratulated upon our excellent team work—of which demonstrations may be observed any morning at 8.15, just outside the dining-room door. These demonstrations are free to the public; including visiting fathers, brothers, and uncles.

NEXT EVENT:

Diet for form.

First place, Charlotte Simonds.

Second place-tie.

Rosalind Romeyn,

Elizabeth Hibben.

Record formerly held by Louise Foley, 1908.

IN THE

Diet for distance

Tied by Elsa, who Eats Dreadful, and Izette, who yet Is Thin.

NEXT EVENT.

First place for sleeping-on-her-back—Katharine Liddell.

Second place, Elizabeth Tappan.

It is only fair to add that Rosie Mason, 1911, who rushed Elizabeth for this second place, can also sleep sitting up.

Now, in closing these statistics, if there's anything 1910 can't do better than any other class, I only want to say it's not our Vault.

RUTH GEORGE.

The President's Luncheon

ATE summer. Two members of the Class of 1910 looking over a memory book. "What a frivolous place card! Where under the sun did you get it?" "Why, that came from Miss Thomas's Luncheon."

"Not, really; that gay thing?"

"Yes; don't you remember?-and we had such good things to eat."

"Oh, I remember that—I never ate so much in my life. Weren't there a lot of speeches? It seems to me there were miles of them."

"That's because they were all piled up at the end. But there certainly were lots of them—Kate and Mary—"

"Elsa, Apie-"

"Grace-"

"Jane-"

"Babby-"

"And Miss Thomas."

"Well, all I can say is that I am glad we left before they start any of those reforms. Think of having to take physics for entrance as Kate suggested. Wouldn't it be terrible!"

"I wish they would take Mary's advice, though, and have lab. count for something. I worked like a dog over there in Dalton."

"Um-m, I didn't work so very hard—but perhaps I would if it had counted."

"Do you remember how scared Babby was beforehand. I don't see how people make speeches without knowing what they are going to say. I was so glad I wasn't a celebrity and didn't have to speak."

"So was I—but didn't you wish you had worn your garden party dress? I had such a time borrowing a hat, and then could have worn my own."

"I had a borrowed one too; 1911 was mighty useful that day. Didn't people look well though! I guess 1910 can be as beautiful as anybody when it wants to."

"Of course—and then look at how we rushed down and rehearsed for bonfire afterwards. We certainly can do things well."

"Sh! You musn't boast of the class like that. If we were at college, somebody would have heard that and thought we were cocky."

"They always do, but we really aren't a bit cocky-considering."

"No-considering-we are not."

CHARLOTTE V. SIMONDS.

* Wonfire

In the rush of the last days of college, something is happening every minute, and when we left the Deanery after Senior Luncheon, there was a general questioning as to what came next, when suddenly, from over the campus, we heard Elsa's voice saying, "Hurry up, people! Get into your hockey skirts and come right down to the lower athletic field! We're half an hour late now!"

That meant our first and only rehearsal for the bonfire that evening. As usual, the rehearsal was great fun, as the program had been made out at the last minute and was a surprise to almost everyone. But the greatest fun of all was the real performance in the evening. It began with the procession, led by a comb orchestra, and continued by the other members of 1910 in costume and the other classes carrying their lanterns—even a few stray 1913 being there to see their Seniors rival their lack of dignity. The huge fire greeted us as we approached, and put us in the humour of being as silly as possible.

The subject of our pantomime—for that is all it could be from that distance, despite the plentiful megaphones, through which the actors shouted—was "A 1910 Typical College Day," beginning with "Seeing the Comet" (Georgina, with Boggsie as the tail), then chapel lectures; 1910 at luncheon, grabbing for food; play committees; dancing class; a hockey game; 1910's usual success in a track meet, with the breaking of world and college records; and, finally, a play given by 1910. It was all a roaring farce, enjoyed principally by us, I must confess. But despite the farcical elements of the evening, there was something really clever and worth while, or else it wouldn't have been typical of 1910; and that was the play which ended the performance. It was a mixture of all the plays given by us in college, and was based on a suffrage plot. It was too bad that only those very near could hear and appreciate it, for its authors—is it necessary to mention the names of Grace Branham, Elsa Denison and Madeleine Edison?—deserved recognition and congratulations.

The serious part of the evening—for there seemed to be something serious about each festivity that last week—was the handing down of some of our songs to 1912. Besides the traditional "White Wings" and "Freshmen, Stand by Your Juniors' Side," we gave them "Get a Wiggle On," "Just One More" (our mascot athletic song), "Self-government," and "The Sons of Erechtheus"; and we were all proud of the way in which they sang them to us in receiving them. It showed the effect of the training that Julia Haines gave them down in the woods that afternoon. The last flames of our bonfire were dying down as we left the field with the crowd of spectators, feeling more subdued and serious than we had on our arrival. There still remained that night and the next on which to sing on the steps, and we sang there, surrounded by the lanterns of our underclassmen, till old Taylor rang us home to bed.

IZETTE TABER.

College Breakfast

Its memory, like to the memory of a great many other times at Bryn Mawr, will never go from us. The natural feeling rising from the presence of the broad day-light, and our lovely friends, like the heroines in most of the novels nowadays—simply dressed, but, O, so charming! The good things to eat and to drink! And, above all, the excellent toasts! One can't pick out any special ones from among those toasts for special commendation, for they were all especially good. 1912 seemed to take such keen delight in giving theirs that they were all the more fascinating, both 1912 and the toasts.

We came all to understand one another better, too, at College Breakfast, both undergraduates and alumnæ. This was the real mark of the success of the breakfast, for certainly the true aim of any such social institution as College Breakfast is to draw individuals and classes closer together. Then, when we all understand one another, the world will be all straight again, and all of the great problems that we are working upon as individuals and classes will be solved.

But there was a special significance of College Breakfast to the Class of 1910, as there has been a special significance of College Breakfast to every class. We saw and felt ourselves surrounded by "our Freshmen," about to become Juniors—our Freshmen, in a few months to go back into the midst of college life. At the same time we felt with us the presence of those enthusiastic alumnæ, out of the midst of the life of college, in the midst of life in the world. There stood "our Freshmen" to cheer us as we finished the first lap of the race set for us to run, and there stood our alumnæ to give us a cheer as we prepared to start upon the next lap, lying before us, still enveloped in a certain mystery, at the same time terrifying and fascinating. Perhaps we didn't realise what this meant, at the moment. But we shall look back upon it many times in the future, and realise more clearly as the years pass by, the meaning of that bright, happy event, tucked into a busy day of Commencement Week, our College Breakfast.

Elsie Deems.

Garden Party

I was on the bright, frosty morning of June first that 1910, after breaking the ice in its water pitcher, fully awoke to the realisation that it was giving a garden party in the afternoon.

Of course, in a dim and ghostly sort of way, that party had made the imminence of its perils felt before—chiefly by vanishing bank accounts and surprisingly increased mail—but

in the icy dawn of that frozen morning, 1910 felt the cold, clammy hands of Destiny settle definitely about its heart—whereupon it put on several heavy wraps and set to work. The snow was shovelled from the walks, and enough of the drifts cleared off Taylor steps to enable the Glee Club to warble thereon like forgotten birds in the winter migration. Flowers kept arriving in hot haste, and were immediately set in various snow banks to cool. By special arrangement with the authorities, each member of the graduating class was allowed a small stove, about which her guests might cluster in chattering groups, and an extra supply of throat tablets and flannel bandages was ordered from the infirmary. When the festive hour finally arrived, the beauty of the scene was enhanced by myriads of blue-nosed maidens. wreathed about in diaphanous draperies, congealed in various places on the lawn. These were kept busy assuring the populace that they were "warm as toast" and trying to prevent anxiously inclined suitors from getting them unbeautiful wraps. There was also a sprinkling of wise virgins, who were heard to murmur against the foolishness of their sisters; these, almost without exception, wore stunning new white polo coats. The guests, not being in honour bound to form part of the decorations, seemed on the whole not to mind the elements very much, although hot coffee was found to be a popular form of refreshment, and people showed a decided preference for energetic sight-seeing rather than the calm joys of a tete-à-tete under the shade trees of the campus.

But, after all, it was a glorious party, for we all looked angelically beautiful, and we all loved our flowers and our guests. And, if it did nothing else, Garden Party brought us a more vivid realisation of a certain beautiful line of Lowell about days in June, for aeroplanists all tell us that the rarer the atmosphere becomes, the colder it gets—and what, indeed, could have been rarer?

MADELEINE EDISON.







Commencement Day—an amalgamation

If ever I wish I were Alice Whittemore, it's when I get a college cap on the apex of my four side combs and attempt to preserve a balance of these through an official parade. For if ever a piece of headgear looked as if it fitted the human cranium, and belied its looks, it is the academic mortar board. Add to its usual motor properties the disadvantage of its not being pinned, and you have my commencement sensation in a nutshell.

Betty Swift and I, with characteristic naïveté, supposed that the edict against hatpins was issued to forestall an offensive display of undergraduate hat jewels, so we obediently stuck our hatpins into the ground beside the cherry tree, like the other Seniors. As it turned out, all our efforts, *i. e.*, Betty Swift's and mine, to make ourselves either lovely or expedite for appearance on the platform were quite uncalled for.

However, we all stood in line in a June breeze some forty minutes without our hatpins—then the automobile arrived. We all shifted consciously before those handsome uniforms, and tried to look as if we thought them no prettier than our gym blouses or swimming trunks. Then the President, i. e., the U. S. President (which reminds me of the Freshman who was heard to remark that Helen Taft had aided in arranging an interview last spring between the President and Mr. Taft) Mr. Taft, then was conveyed to the recesses of Taylor—non-residents' cloak room, I suppose—to don his academic paraphernalia. Outside we champed our bits. Imagine the consternation in our ranks when the rumour ran about that the President had "lost his clothes." Cabbie was particularly annoyed, and by no means reassured, indeed, by the second rumour that he was "coming anyway." At last he turned up, Ruth emerged from the Library basement, and the parade was off.

Once in the Cloister we sang the Star Spangled Banner—as you remember. The only criticism I should make on that performance was that we might better have selected that ancient Basket Ball song of 1910 to their Juniors, ending:

Nineteen Ei-eight Bryn Ma-wawr Nineteen Ei-eight Bryn Ma-wawr Nineteen Ei-eight Bryn Mawr

which Ros used to prolong indefinitely in her maudlin moods. This we could have made last without difficulty until the *Presidents* reached the stairway. But the singing itself was excellent—no, no, what am I saying? Well, Louise Merrill and Kate and I all said it was excellent, but see what Betty says:

"But when he did appear (Betty was speaking of the President, not the Gargoyle Man)—but when he did appear, alas, in citizen's clothes," says Betty, "we sang the Star Spangled Banner; that national anthem must have been started in seven different keys. There is something particularly thrilling in a national anthem which is sung in so many keys as to be unrecognizable even to a Bryn Mawr audience. It shows (meaning the singing) how each one is completely carried away by enthusiasm. When the scream was over (this is still Betty; you would know it by her bitterness), we started in after those degrees.

Daddy Warren's training had its effect. We none of us forgot to remove our steady caps; we none of us stalked that diploma; and some of us almost forgot to take the sheepskin when it was offered us, we were so anxious to remain on the platform. Daddy Warren gracefully forgot to mention Dorothy Nearing and Millicent Pond, but none of us made any mistakes, unless perhaps the universal failure to look pleased may be said to be a mistake. But here again our families leaped once more into the breach, and, in fact, left nothing to be desired."

It is probable that the parental interest did not include other than each his own little bird, except in that one intense moment when the audience turned en masse to see what sort of a looking Deigo "Katherine Goodale of the Hawaiian Islands" might be. Poor little Philadelphia Kirkie whispered to me, "I wish I came from the Congo Free State; I bet I'd get a rise out of them!"

Well, Betty and I regret that in deference to the advertisers we must deny ourselves the pleasure of repeating the President's address in full. Perhaps some of you heard it yourselves above the roar of mighty canvas and the thunder of your heart-beats, as you sat there thinking what you should do if President Thomas should call you out and give you a prize you hadn't known about. Take leave of us then here in the prime of our glory, our tassels turned, our sheepskins in our hands. We're glad today that we didn't die "when just a baby."

ELIZABETH TENNEY, RUTH GEORGE.

What's In a Pame?

THERE was once a Genius Badly Behaved with an Ever Lively Tongue and A Marvellous Intellect and Vast Knowledge, so, of course, she entered Bryn Mawr in the class of nineteen hundred and ten. Once in college she wrote home her impressions. Dear Father,

You would scarcely know your little daughter since she has been in college. So much are Friends Her Hobby that she is developing a Decidedly Lazy Attitude. There are many different types in college, sharing one common characteristic—they are Ever Getting Hungry. Although the food is not all it might be, yet one girl at my table Eats Dreadfully—in spite of which she still Is Thin,—and the cry at every meal is Let's Eat More.

Perhaps of all my friends you would be most surprised at the one we call the Rising Bell because she Enchants Every Swain and has Many Admirers Incidentally. She is a

Running Conversationalist, Enunciates Before Company and rather Fancies Liquid Song, therefore we do not wonder that to her charms men seem Constantly Very Susceptible and that she need only Just Be Kind in order to Keep Men Kneeling and Keep Lover Running.

You cannot imagine a greater contrast than her room-mate. With Hair Wonderfully Slick and her character Ever Temperate,—save on the question of woman suffrage when she Moans Daily Women's Wrongs—with Her Sound Reason she is the antithesis of our Almost Winsome lassie. She Maintains Excessive Discreetness and is Ever Dutiful and when she is proctor Coldly Berates Chatterers yet is Ever Willing to do kindness, so that her friends say she May Join Saints, nevertheless she is Most Practical and Just Takes Hold of things and would be a Most Excellent Librarian for as Heaven Means Books to her, she Reads Constantly and is in Languages Vastly Read and has Many Remarkable English Gifts.

Opposite these two in Merion live another strangely assorted pair. The one, a Mighty Sweet Kid and Decidedly Cute is an Altogether Uncontrolled Morsel of Bossiness whom Many People Adore. She Makes Merion Happy by her Everlastingly Hilarious Mood and by her cheerful face which is Always Delightfully A-grinning. At games she Always Loudly Vents Squeals of excitement and is Enthusiastically Shouting for nineteen hundred

and ten, and at swimming meets Churns Choppy Waves.

With this Merrily Bouncing Sylph lives a girl who, because her room-mate is a Mysterious Little Rover and always sleeps In Borrowed Beds, is a Jubilant Homeseeker. Yet at college she is Known for Lateness and Does Nothing because she Can't Decide what to do. She is nervous and Mice Keep Her Wakeful which accounts for a strange friend of hers who Knows Much Embryology and is a Zealous Science Faker and Hunts Woozy Sensations, so that she Slays Crawling Animals.

Altogether college Might Be Worse.

Love to the family.

Your Famous Little Wonder.

JEANNE B. KERR, MARY D. W. WORTHINGTON.

Dur Song Committee

UR musical career began early with an ill-fated rush song. To celebrate the general rejoicing occasioned by our appearance, we evolved that little gem of the poetic art, entitled, "Wow, Wow, Wow," or "The Kitten's Tragedy." When we heard the taunting strains of "Meow, Meow, Meow" before the Rush, did we sit down and shed a

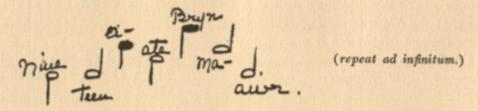
bitter tear for our lost endeavours? Not at all. In its childish way, 1910 had, even at that early date, a pride of its own. We rallied bravely, and our next song bade fair to drown the shrieks and moans, squeaks and groans of the wierd figures who made life miserable for us all around the campus. Even though not more than one-third of the class seemed able to carry a tune, it was an auspicious beginning. Our next effort in the musical line almost ended our career socially, for we proclaimed to an interested audience at the Senior reception that we gave a cheer for

"The class that always in our eyes
Shall be the best, shall win the prize,
Cheerily, hip hurrah."

and went on with the hearty but tactless statement that

"None can surpass Our Senior Class, The class of 1907."

(You need not search your song books for these lines. The thoughtful Song Committee, ever jealous for the reputation of the class, felt it was wiser to get out a revised edition of this song for the glare of publicity.) Our Juniors, who filled the gallery, were, naturally, a little "took aback," but we redeemed ourselves at the hockey games by having three songs to them alone. And let me add that, when once 1910 was wound up on the chorus,



there was no stopping them. Any Juniors would have been flattered.

Not belonging to the Math Shark Club, I cannot count the times our Lantern Song was reconstructed. The original took place in the fertile brains of the "dashing daughters of Denbigh," but Frances Jackson spent days going from hall to hall with amendments, until we were trained in the gentle art of swinging our Indian Clubs rhythmically without colliding with our neighbours as we practised in the gym.

Then came the Freshman show, and under the capable management of Miss Nearing, a number of ditties were added to our repertoire. No one likes to think what we should have done on the Senior steps four years later without these old stand-bys.

We welcomed the sub Freshmen in a brief but comprehensive song, which included,

among other things:

1. A remark about the weather.

2. An analysis of our personal reaction to it.

3. An effusion of welcome, and a forecast of the future.

4. An invitation to afternoon tea.

5. An allusion to athletics.

6. More remarks on the weather and the way it affected us.

7. Another burst of welcome.

Remember, all these songs had been written before the Standing Song Committee was ever established by the restless rumination of ready Miss Rotan. It simply goes to prove that a song committee is not as necessary as the class supposes. When the ingenious device of perpetuating a song committee first occurred to our President, the class heaved a sigh of relief—all but the five hapless mortals whom ill luck had marked for its own. Yet the class occasionally came to the aid of the committee. "Just One More," dear to every member of 1910, and despised by everyone else, was the result of a spontaneous combustion of excitement on the hockey field. As you will see by referring to page 19 (I hope the class knows its song book), no author's name was put down for this. It almost explains itself, but illustrated hand books of the song will be sold on the field at the next game. We found these concise songs most encouraging to the team. No one could resist the heart-rending appeal,

"Oh, get in the basket. Pleadingly we ask it."

Speaking of match games, I should like to condole here in public with the intrepid spirits who have made up songs for dinner after the games. It is a thankless task.

I sit in my bathtub,
Alone, making rhymes,
When I hear a voice calling
"It's most dinner time."
I haul on my clothes,
And I rush to the table,
A-making up rhymes
Just as fast as I'm able.

When after much toil
A rhyme I grind out,
My table receive,
With jeer and with shout.
I've a sign on my door now
To save further bother,
"I've made all your songs
Take me home to my mother."

About this time we discerned on the poetic horizon the star of the song committee, Miss George. Her dramatic entrance was made on the night before 1909's orals. After hearing the applause given to her song, 1910 perked up, and thought maybe it could write songs after all, even if it could not sing them. Since then she has gone steadily along the path of glory. The printer did his best to change those choice lines,

"If we give you Mr. Whiting Clavichord, spinet, voice all uniting"

into

"If we give you Mr. Whiting Clear-the-Lord, spirit, vice all in writing."

Miss George is a deserving young poetess, and any favours shown her will be appreciated by the song committee.

"Medea" with its choruses encouraged us even more. Of course it was hard for Mary Ag, Charlotte and such to keep quiet when the "Sons of Erechtheus" appeared, but they always refused kindly but firmly when asked to sing—having received previous instructions from Miss Tenney, our indefatigable leader. The printer made Euripides beg rather ungrammatically

"Loose not on we, Oh Holder of man's heart, Thy gilden quiver."

and rather startled us by introducing a new class animal, the "Buide," in the last chorus.

Senior year we advanced perceptibly in brilliancy, and ended up in a burst of glory with two Senior songs. The song committee, especially Miss George, has earned its repose. And yet it must confess that it would be willing to put up with the idiosyncracies of 1910 a little longer. It cannot help remembering that

"We'll be next year Alumnæ 1910, OH!

HILDA WORTHINGTON SMITH.

Chapel Reminiscences

PRESIDENT THOMAS says that she thinks—though she may be wrong, and she would like to know what we think about it—but she thinks that 1910 is not a Chapel Class. Now, she may be wrong, but that is her impression. Generous Miss Thomas! She couldn't bear to detract by a straw's breadth from the illustriousness of any Senior class. She might have called a meeting of the Presidents of Self-Gov., Undergrad., C. U., Athletic Association, Mr. Foley and the Rock Seamstress to settle the matter, but this little band of wiseacres had their time pretty well filled up last spring with general arbitration on all college problems, from jumper tails to Sabbath observance—in fact, everything outside the province of "Miss Edith Murphy, manager of Bryn Mawr College" (as she chose to sign her bookshop correspondence. Oh, you, Pat!).

Were we a chapel class? That depends on what constitutes a chapel class. If numbers, I dare say, not. If zeal of the minority, certainly, yes; for the first two rows were as regular as the sunrise, and but little less betimely—supposing, of course, that the sun formed a habit of not rising on Wednesdays. Well, for that matter, the first two rows came even on Wednesdays, and grew so broad-minded as to speak very magnanimously of the prayers and of the speaker's estimable moral character. It was his voice, we said. How true, and how very discriminating of us! Well, we may have sounded condescending, but we did like our Chaplain very sincerely before the four years were over, especially after he told the joke about the pirate. As for President Thomas, why should I try to immortalise her on these mortal pages? She will be aptly taken off at every fellowship dinner to the end of time, and you can't do justice to Miss Thomas. It isn't significant to say, "Miss Maddison tells me I have neglected to mention the European fellow." It is too likely to happen next year. And what of it? For who else could work the impassivity of a Bryn Mawr Chapel audience into a ferment of expectancy over the nominations to the Book Shop. If she doesn't give you an egg, she makes you delighted with a stone.

By the way, speaking of the impassive Bryn Mawr audience, do you remember the morning Doctor Sanders and Mrs. Sanders brought the wife of a clergyman who was to speak in chapel? The clergyman himself had gone to the platform with President Thomas. It was when we were Juniors. They came in with Miss Maddison at the very last minute to the front row of our block. They began to sit down just as the audience began to rise for the hymn. Mrs. Sanders went on down. Doctor Sanders went back up. The wife vacillated in mid-air, thought things over, and sat down just as Mrs. Sanders

changed her mind and got up. Doctor Sanders chivalrously decided to support the stranger and began to sit down again—all within 2 seconds—whereupon the choir in the rear strikes in, "Stand Up, Stand Up for Jesus." Grace Branham and I were directly back of them. You can count on Grace not to miss any of Doctor Sanders' moves, and she yielded to this ecstasy, slipping under the seats as if she had been touched with a live wire. My shame for my own behaviour was only exceeded by my mortification in hers.

Oh, a month out of college is long enough to make one's heart pine even for the days when the chapel bell rang before one's egg appeared or anybody there'd seen Sally, and one had to change one's shoes, find a belt, and copy one's English theme before it stopped ringing. How gladly would I try to do them all in the next sixty seconds for the incalculable joy of rushing up the office steps just as Nelson heaves the hammer, indecorously brushing past Miss Maddison or even the President, to have D. Cole, for example, beckon me to an empty chair by her, to have the choir—our beautiful choir (weren't they the best-looking people in college, or does it just seem so to us because Elsa led them?) to have the choir at my right rise, in all the gentle dignity of their caps and gowns, and sing—412, I hope—while I shift uneasily and wonder if President Thomas can see in the front row the slippers that there wasn't time to change after all.

But 1911 has the front row! "Time is, Time was, Time is past."

RUTH GEORGE.

Class Prophecy

I WAS not one of the first to take advantage of improved methods of elevation, and when, after a prosaic life spent on Earth, I finally undertook the trip on the New York Skywards to Mars, I was greatly delighted to find in residence as citizens of one of the most advanced sections of that planet a great number of the Class of 1910. As the dirigible alighted, I had the good fortune to meet Betty Swift, and she acted as my guide throughout my visit. It is to her unfailing accuracy in all facts pertaining to the class that I owe the knowledge of how 1910 fulfilled its duty as advanced leaders of civilisation.

"We'll go first to May Wesner's hotel," said Betty. "You see everyone there. I don't know whose tea-day it is, but they won't mind our coming. May has had great success in spite of the fact that she does all the cooking. The top floor is an orphan asylum, run by Ike and Bill, on an extensive scale. When Madeleine Edison married the King of Mars, she gave a wedding breakfast at the hotel. They had a special performance of

Katharine Liddell's play, which has been praised even on Earth, and with which Jeanne has toured the universe, winning eternal fame. Madeleine has never forgotten any of us, and has endowed a school which Ruth George runs. You just ought to see the style her pupils put on! They all copy Ruth in every detail and all the extremes of fashion. Ruth writes articles for Smart Set most of the time, and lets Mary Boyd do all the work. Evelyn Seeley and Albion are the head teachers. Jane Smith used to teach etiquette here until she had a fight with Ruth over some fine point and lost her job. Lillie James is the great influence, though. She has fairly spiritualised the institution. They have laboratories for special research, where Millicent, Janet and Katharine Evans are working separate problems. Zip experiments on the orphan children, with D. Cole and Julia Thompson to help try methods of education. They do say that those children have a terrible existence!"

"Isn't Mary in the laboratory?" I asked.

"Mary, my dear, is the biggest joke"—and Betty actually giggled—"you know, she lectured on Women's Rights up here for years, and then she married the worst political boss in the State. He rules her with a rod of iron, and she is blissfully happy. She presides awfully well at mothers' meetings, they say."

By this time we had reached the tea-room of May's hotel, and the first person who came to us was Mary, enthusiastic and radiant.

"My dear," she said, "it's really too dreadful how many of us are married. Kate was first, of course, and has since run the entire community in most marvellous order. We married people have such fun! Babby, Agnes Irwin, Mary Ag and Jo Healy live right around the corner. Of course, Sidney and Josephine and Katharine Kelley think we are inexperienced young interlopers. But our society is very gay, with Ros and Betty Tenney and Nina. We get a good deal of court life through Beth Hibben, who married the Ambassador from Saturn; and, of course, we follow intellectual pursuits by reading the books of Grace Branham and by keeping up with Jane's poetry. She publishes two volumes a year."

Here two slim visions glided toward us, gorgeously gowned, and I recognised, with difficulty, Esther and Bill.

"Did you know," said Bill, that Ape has just come from her trip around the planet? She has met lots of the Class. Frances Hearne is somewhere on a huge chicken farm, and Kirky is teaching hockey to the natives that Margaret Shearer and Boggs are civilising. She found Constance on a huge flower reservation next door to Louise Merrill's mushroom

ranch. In the provinces she discovered Susanne teaching how to give Greek plays, and Peggy James and Hildegarde starring in a grand opera troupe. Pinky Ashton and Clara Ware are teaching swimming."

"What is Cabby doing?" I ventured.

"She," said Betty," is writing her memoirs in serial form for one of the magazines in her syndicate. She has had so many experiences that her work is very valuable. You know, she was sent to Siberia when Nelly went for the third time, and would have been there yet if Betty Tappan hadn't gone to rescue them."

"Why Betty?" I asked.

"Oh, she was the only person who hadn't anything else to do."

The room had become crowded by this time. I saw the Twins sitting happily in one corner, and Lucy and Mary Root in another.

"Have you heard the scandal," said a voice, and, turning, I saw Miriam, who, with a delighted expression, told us that Pat and Henrietta Riggs and Ethel Chase were actually touring in classic interpretation dances. "They tried to get an entreè into the White House, and, would you believe it, Dorothy Nearing refused to have them!"

"What has she to do with the White House?"

"My dear, do you mean to say you didn't know that Dorothy is Secretary of State in the United States, and practically runs the entire country. That's why there are so many reforms on Earth. It got too calm for me, so I came up here."

You may imagine how pleased I was to hear 1910's record, but the climax was in store, when Betty, as we left the hotel, asked, blushingly, "What do you think I'm doing?"

"Keeping the community in good spirits and cheering at the election polls?"

"No," said Betty, drawing herself up proudly, "I have founded a college. As president, I oversee all the faculty and all the students, and keep them in the ways they should go."

ELSA DENISON.

Senior Athletics

Tennis

Class Championship won by 1913

College Championship Cup Won by G. Hamilton, '13

Captains

E. Swift, '10

E. FARIES, '12

H. EMERSON, '11

J. Tomlinson, '13

Class Team

E. SWIFT, C. V. SIMONDS, D. NEARING

Class Team in Doubles

E. SWIFT and E. TENNEY

C. V. SIMONDS and D. NEARING

M. KIRK and E. DENISON

E. G. Hibben, Substitute Class Champion—E. Swift

'Varsity Team

E. SWIFT, '10, Captain

G. HAMILTON, '13

K. PAGE, '13

E. Faries, '12

A. PATTERSON, '13

Alumnæ 'Varsity Tournament

A. G. Hamilton, '13, vs. H. Sturgis, '05—A. G. Hamilton, '13—7-5, 6-4.

K. Page, '13, vs. A. Whitney, '09—A. Whitney, '09—9-7, 6-4.

E. SWIFT, '10, vs. K. WILLIAMS, '00—E. SWIFT, '10—6-2, 6-2.

E. Faries, '12, vs. A. Platt, '09—E. Faries, '12—6-0, 6-3.

A. Patterson, '13, vs. E. Har-BINGTON, '06—E. HARRING-TON, '06—6-4, 6-3.

Hockey

Championship won by 1910

Captains

M. Kirk, '10

C. CHASE, '12

L. Houghteling, 11

A. HEARNE, '13

Class Team

M. KIRK, Captain

J. Howell

F. HEARNE

M. ASHLEY

A. WHITTEMORE

E. DENISON

C. V. SIMONDS

M. A. IRVINE

K. ROTAN

I. BIXLER

M. WORTHINGTON

Scores

1910 vs. 1912—9-1

1910 vs. 1912—7-1

1910 vs. 1913—2-1

1910 vs. 1913—0-5

1910 vs. 1913-5-1

'VARSITY

K. ROTAN, '10, Captain

J. Howell, '10

F. HEARNE, '10

M. Kirk, '10

J. ALLEN, '11

E. DENISON, '10

M. Egan, '11

M. Ashley, '10

H. EMERSON, '11

L. Stetson, '13

M. Worthington, '10

Substitutes from 1910

C. V. SIMONDS, '10

A. WHITTEMORE, '10

'Varsity Scores

'Varsity vs. Belmont-11-1

'Varsity vs. Merion Cricket Club-12-2

'Varsity vs. All Philadelphia, 3-7

Senior Athletics-Continued

Swimming Contest

Championship won by 1910

Captains

I. TABER, '10

E. PINNEY, '12

D. Coffin, '11

Y. STODDARD, '18

Events won by 1910

68 ft. swim on back. WARE, 21 secs. Established record.

136 ft. swim on back. WARE, 51 secs. Established record.

Individual Points

C. Ware, 14 points. Second place.

D. Aston, 11 points. Third place.

Indoor Track Weet

Class Championship won by 1911

Individual Cup
Won by H. EMERSON, '11

Captains

C. V. SIMONDS, '10 (resigned)

M. Kirk, '10

A. PARKER, '11

F. CRENSHAW, '12

L. HAYDOCK, '13.

1910 Class Points, 7—Fourth place.

Bagket Ball

Championship won by 1910

Captains

F. H. HEARNE, '10

A. CHAMBERS, '12

J. V. ALLEN, '11

A. G. Hamilton, '18

Class Team

F. H. HEARNE, Captain

E. DENISON

M. KIRK

K. ROTAN

C. V. SIMONDS

M. P. Ashley

A. WHITTEMORE

J. Howell

M. A. IRVINE

Scores

1910 vs. 1913-20-8

1910 vs. 1913—15-4

1910 vs. 1911-10-8

1910 vs. 1911—12-11

'Parsity-Alumnae Game

'Varsity Team

F. H. HEARNE, Captain

E. Denison, '10

M. Kirk, '10

H. EMERSON, '11

J. V. ALLEN, '11

K. PAGE, '18

A. CHAMBERS, '12

*K. ROTAN, '10

*C. V. SIMONDS, '10

A. PARKER, '11

H. Henderson, '11

M. Egan, '11 *Subs.

Alumna Team

C. WESSON, '09

A. PLATT, '09

M. Thurston, '05

E. White, '06

K. WILLIAMS, '00

I. LYNDE DAMMAN, '05

C. Denison Swan, '05

C. E. HARRINGTON, '06

A. NEALE, '06

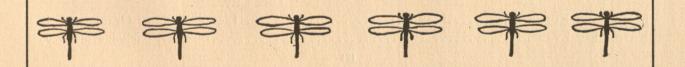
Score: 17-5. 'Varsity won.



L'Enboi

common memories. Pany are warm and bright, for we are young. A few are dark, and these we finger wonderingly. Bright and sombre, we weave them all into this bit of tapestry whose figure seeks to catch the spirit of those swift, winged years. Pot deceiving ourselves, for the pattern of our weaving must grow dim; yet satisfied that, for us, year by year there shall stand out new meaning from the faded outlines—a fairer pattern for the threads that mar it now.

Ruth George



Class Addresses

	BIRTHDAYS	ADDRESSES
		163 George Street, Providence, R. I.
MABEL P. ASHLEY	. December 26	41 West Eighty-seventh Street, New York
		City Swarthmore, Pa.
DOROTHY L. ASHTON		Swarthmore, Pa.
RUTH BABCOCK	February 24	273 North Main Street, Fall River, Mass.
		569 Lancaster Avenue, Haverford, Pa.
		236 McKee Place, Pittsburgh, Pa.
		Narberth, Pa.
		Second and Pine Streets, Harrisburg, Pa.
		327 North Negley Avenue, Pittsburgh, Pa.
		2200 Eutaw Place, Baltimore, Md.
CORINNE BRASH	.March 25	834 Marietta Avenue, Lancaster, Pa.
Josephine Brown	.October 20	310 Portland Avenue, St. Paul, Minn.
RUTH CABOT	. January 16	East Milton, Mass.
ETHEL B. CHASE	.November 7	The Connecticut, Washington, D. C.
DOROTHEA COLE	October 5	Chester, Ill.
RUTH COLLINS	.August 25	Pitman Grove, N. J.
RUTH COOK	October 5	4853 Kenwood Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
		Care Mrs. M. B. Riehlé, 1825 Wallace Street, Philadelphia
Annina De Angelis	.August 7	Cottage Place, Utica, N. Y.
		. Care Rev. E. M. Deems, Pocantico Hills,
		N. Y.
Constance Deming	.April 29	Care Mr. Horace Deming, 15 William Street, New York City
ELSA DENISON	.May 17	
MARY DOHENY	.November 24	Box 80, Haverford, Pa.
		(Mrs. R. O. Müller) The Wyoming, Fifty-
		fifth Street and Seventh Avenue, New
		York City.
MADELEINE EDISON	.May 31	Llewellyn Park, Orange, N. J.
KATHARINE EVANS		Box 161, Nicholasville, Ky.

Class Addresses—Continued

BIRTHDAYS	ADDRESSES
ZIP SOLOMONS FALKApril 19	211 West Gurnett Street, Savannah, Ga.
Sidney GarriguesAugust 17	
M. Ruth E. GeorgeSeptember 28	842 Lincoln Avenue, Allegheny, Pa.
SARA GOLDSMITH	228 North Taylor Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
EDITH E. GREELEY December 25	4833 Woodlawn Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
HILDEGARDE HARDENBERGH May 27	121 West Seventy-third Street, New York City
Josephine HealeyApril 1	
Frances H. HearneMarch 3	North Franklin Street, Pottstown, Fa.
MIRIAM M. HEDGES September 23	Columna T-
ELIZABETH G. HIBBENAugust 11	Deignest N T
EDITH S. HOFFHEIMERMay 1	To Modeid Puilding Property Association, N. J.
EDITH S. HOFFHEIMER	
JANET T. HOWELL	
HELEN E. HURD September 17	257 Fast Forty-ninth Street Chicago III
MARY AGNES IRVINE July 16	216 Flysion Avenue Pittsburgh De
Agnes M. IrwinAugust 20	
Margaret M. JamesMarch 24	
LILLIE JAMESJune 3	
Annie C. Jones	
VIOLET KEILLER October 27	
KATHARINE M. KELLEY October 29	
JEANNE B. KERRFebruary 10	Street, New York City
GERTRUDE KINGSBACHER December 28	6602 Northumberland Avenue, Pittsburgh,
MARION S. KIRKMarch 12	
WARION S. ISING	Phila.
EDITH KLETT CUNNINGAugust 24	
MARY ETHEL LADDJune 30	
KATHARINE F. LIDDELLFebruary 27	
JULIET LIT STERNApril 30	(Mrs. J. David Stern) Glenside, Pa.

Class Addresses—Continued

BIRTHDAY8 ADDRESSES
FRANCES S. LORD
Louise P. MerrillOaksmere, New Rochelle, N. Y.
MARJORIE S. MILLER October 18
EDITH H. MURPHYJanuary 3303 South Thirty-ninth Street, Philadelphia
MADELINE C. NASH December 5
DOROTHY NEARING April 4
HÉLÈNE PELLETIER
MILLICENT POND
ALDANA R. QUIMBY June 20
LUCIE V. REICHENBACH July 26 Huntington, Ind.
HENRIETTA S. RIGGS June 7
D. C.
E. Rosalind RomeynOctober 3063 East Sixty-fourth Street, New York City
Mary L. RootOctober 20631 East Leverington Avenue, Roxborough,
Phila.
GRACE ROSENFELDOctober 211620 Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Josephine Ross
KATHARINE L. ROTAN January 12
EVELYN E. SEELYBrockport, N. Y.
HENRIETTA W. SHARP September 1 Newville, Pa.
MARGARET J. SHEARER71 East Eighty-second Street, New York City
Mary Boyd Shipley March 21 Haverford, Pa.
MARGUERITA SHIPLEY June 13356 Resa Avenue, Clifton, Cincinnati, Ohio
CHARLOTTE V. SIMONDS April 2
HILDA W. SMITHJune 19320 West Ninety-first Street, New York City
CATHARINE SOUTHER June 30
Lola Southwick
Edna H. Steinbach May 19
Frances Stewart Rhodes August 1 (Mrs. G. B. Rhodes) 186 F. McMillan St.
Mt. Auburn, Cincinnati, Ohio
EMILY L. STORER September 4
Frances L. Storer February 23 Glenwood Avenue, Toledo, Ohio

Class Addresses—Continued

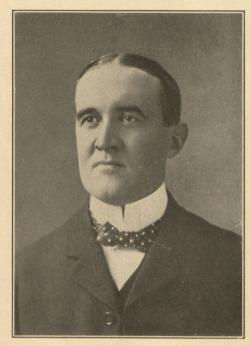
	BIRTHDAY8	ADDRESSES
Elisabeth Swift	. June 24	20 West Fifty-fifth Street, New York City
		1419 Bolton Street, Baltimore, Md.
		"Seven Cedars," Lake Forest, Ill.
ALBIONE L. VAN SCHAACH	.September 18	54 Cedar Street, Chicago, Ill.
CLARA C. WARE	April 24	Hingham, Mass.
		Grand Rapids, Mich.
Laura Wilder	. July 22	359 East Fifty-eighth Street, Chicago, Ill.
FLORENCE B. WILBER	.October 14	711 Grand Avenue, Asbury Park, N. J.
MARION K. WILDMAN	.April 2	811 West Main Street, Norristown, Pa
GENEVIEVE WILSON	.August 31	3342 Walnut Street, Philadelphia
Mary D. W. Worthington	June 16	29 East Seventy-seventh Street, New York
		City

Commondates required would

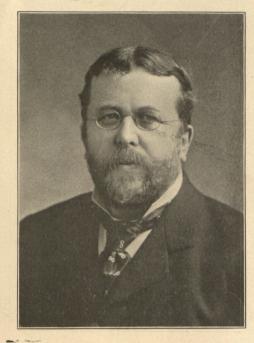
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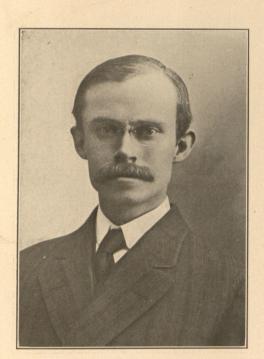
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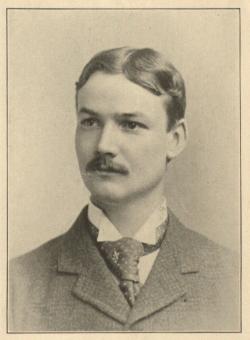
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MARIAN REILLY.



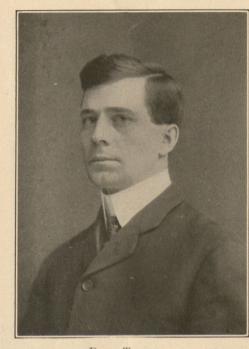
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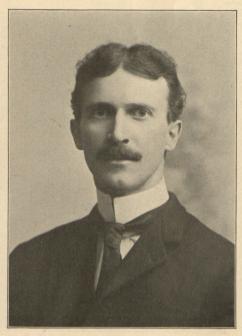
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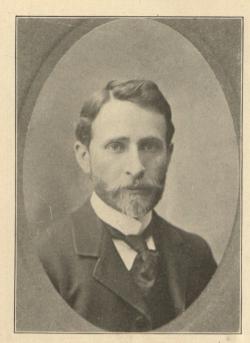
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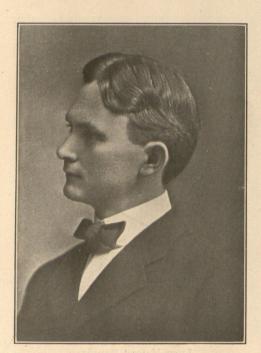
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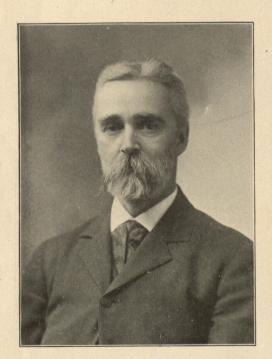
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CARL JESSEN.



CLARENCE ASHLEY.



HELEN STRONG HOYT.



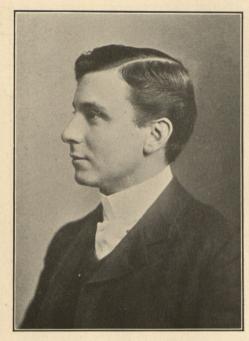
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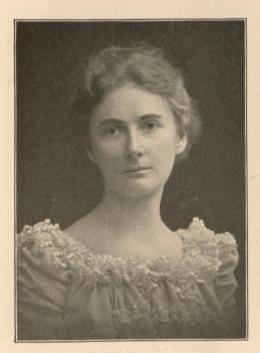
CLARENCE CARROLL CLARK.



M. KATHARINE JACKSON.



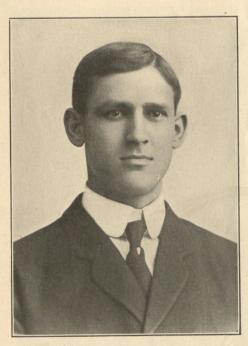
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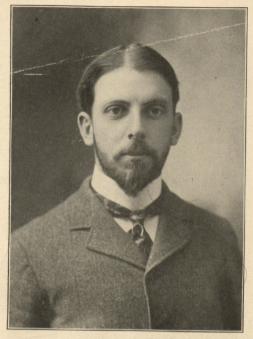
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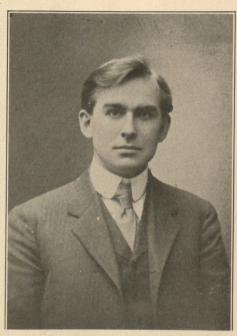
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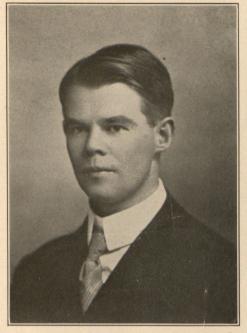
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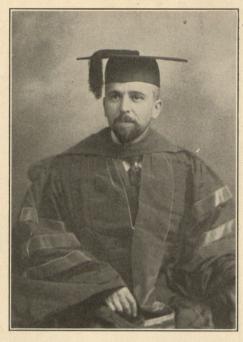
W. Roy Smith.



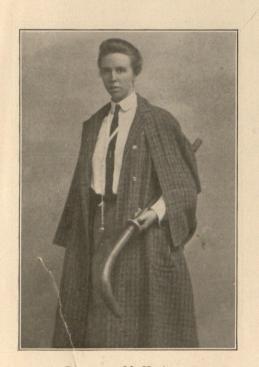
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MARY L. JONES.



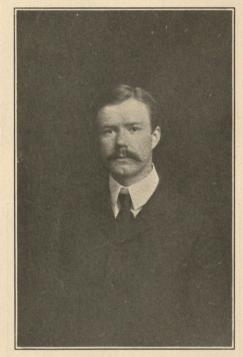
WILLIAM B. HUFF. Photo by Elias Goldensky.



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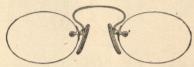
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